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COVER: RALPH MILLER

Photograph by Eric Schaal

At the end of the first exciting week of the Winter Olympics (see page 17) the athletes of Russia, Austria and Finland had raced off with an impressive stack of medals. In the final events, U.S. hopes rest with its figure skaters and with skiers like Ralph Miller, who is rated top favorite in the downhill by Otto Menardi, architect of the rugged Cortina course.

Action-illustration on page 63

An SI Special

17 HALFWAY AT CORTINA—RUSSIA TAKES OVER

Making their first appearance in history at a Winter Olympic Games, the single-minded, intensely trained athletes of the Soviet Union have already come close to dominating them. ANDRÉ LAGUENNE files a revealing story from Cortina and discusses the issues raised for Americans by the Moscow method. Plus an illustrated Olympic Scoreboard

24 A DUCK HUNT IN VENICE

It's only an hour's ride from the city of canals to the broad marshlands beyond, but the duck hunting on private preserves there is rated among the best in Europe. A report on a day's hunt, with four pages of photographs in color by JERRY COOKE, plus a summary of the best places to hunt ducks on the Continent

30 PART II: AVERY BRUNOAGE

The Greek ideal behind the Olympic Games was to make men better. That, writes ROBERT CREAMER in this concluding article, is the answer of the outspoken Mr. Brunoage to those who would bar the Russians from the Games today

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Among the prettiest fixtures of sport are the bronze fittings being manufactured for boats. Here is a nautical roundup of the finest, in four pages of pictures

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE WINTER OLYMPICS: THE FINAL WEEK

A summary and a critique by SI reporters and photographers of the climactic contests on Cortina's ice and snow—plus the full results in an Olympic Scoreboard

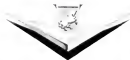
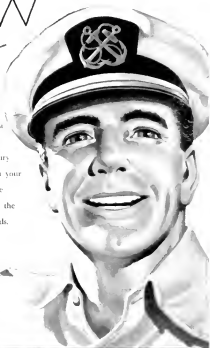
CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: DICK IRVIN

Whitney Tower accompanies the Chicago Black Hawks' coach on the road trip and presents an unusual report the thoughts of a great man in hockey on the game that is his life

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



John Landy, long-striding Australian who ran the world's swiftest mile in 1954 (3:58.1), blazed to second fastest over Melbourne's Olympic Park cinders—3:58.6—after year's retirement; allowed, "It was a good run, but ... I can do better."



Joanne Goodwin, poised 19-year-old, played 27 holes to survive opening round, 21 to win second, upset veteran amateur Marlene Stewart, then defeated Mrs. Gookie Swift Berger 7 and 6, took Doherty tournament at Fort Lauderdale.

RECORD BREAKERS

San Francisco broke up California's filibustering tactics after Bruins' first-quarter game of "keep-away" gave them 13-3 lead, went on to win 33-24, set new major-college mark of 40 consecutive victories at Berkeley, Calif. Old record was held jointly by Seton Hall and LIU (Jan. 28).

Dave Stephens, Australia's hustling travel agent, was model of consistency of pace, ripping off six miles in 4:38, 4:38, 4:43, 4:41, 4:43.2 and 4:31.8 for new world mark of 27:54 at Melbourne. When told he had erased Emil Zatopek's standard, Stephens beamed, "He's my friend and teacher. I think he'll be as pleased as I am" (Jan. 25).

Robert Henry Page, 32-year-old British Royal Navy Commissioned Master-at-Arms, outgassed field of five in Hong Kong stadium for 30 miles, claimed new world mark of 2:54:45, beating old standard by more than three minutes (Jan. 25).

Kent County (England) Smallbone Rifle Assn., scored 2,000 points out of possible 2,560 in all-Britain competition to set unbeatable world mark, surpassing previous record of 1,996. All 20 members of club, including teen-age cousin Valerie Mills and Brenda Williams, scored bull's-eyes at 25 yards with 10 shots (Jan. 27).

Evgeny Grishin, Russian Olympic speed-skater, zoomed over Lake Mäurins to set world mark of 40.2 for 500-meters; broke 1,509-meter standard as did Teammate Yuri Mikhailov, with identical 2:38.6 clockings.

BASKETBALL

Louisville dropped Dayton from unbeaten powers 65-44 after 14 straight wins, on Guard Gerry Moreman's basket with two seconds remaining and Kentucky was dumped by Vanderbilt 81-73 in week's

major upsets as 6-foot Guards Babe Taylor and Al Rochelle scored 32 points, led frooze throughout last eight minutes. Downcast Kentucky Coach Rupp snapped at taunting Vandy student after game: "My name will be around a lot longer than yours."

North Carolina State rallied in final minutes to defeat St. John's 82-70, with Center Ron Shavlik contributing 20 points on 10 field goals. North Carolina, Atlantic Coast Conference leader, was idle.

Temple and St. Francis of Brooklyn continued undefeated along with San Francisco (see "Record Breakers"), each winning 13th in row. St. Francis met tough metropolitan rival, Seton Hall, elated out 81-73 victory, mauled Ithaca 101-49 while Owls beat Delaware 108-81 and Navy 98-74.

West packed lineup with towering rebounders, humbled East 108-94 in NBA's annual All-Star game at Rochester, N.Y. Bob Pettit, 6 foot 9 inch St. Louis forward, scored 20 points, grabbed 20 rebounds, received most valuable player award.

Joe Lapchick, giant 6 foot 5 inch, 178 pounds, high-strung N.Y. Knickerbocker coach, resigned because of physical and emotional strain of job, reported differences with Knick boss Ned Irish, may finish out season with club.

BOXING

Willie Pastrano, light-footed, light-punching New Orleans light-heavyweight, absorbed body punches from crowding Michigan State Grad Chuck Spierer, peppered opponent's head in final three rounds, gained unimpressive 10-round draw with 12-to-5 underdog in Miami Beach, Fla. 10-round.

Joey Giambra, husky young middleweight contender, showed evidence of rust in first bout since Army discharge last December, came on with rights to head in late rounds to salvage 10-round decision over tiring Al Andrews at Norfolk, Va.

Julius Helfand, New York boxing commissioner, tied in International Guild boss Charley Johnston, Bill Daly and Jack Kearns with St. Nick TV promotions, drawing testimony from Du Mont's general counsel that he had found it necessary to deal with three managers in negotiating St. Nick contract, leading to inference that Promoters Tex Sullivan and Willie (The Beard) Ginzberg are perhaps only nominally in command at Manhattan fight club.

Cleveland boxing commission suspended Johnston, Daly and Ohio Guild's Al Del Monte indefinitely pending outcome of antitrust suit against trio (SI, Jan. 23).

FOOTBALL

Johnny Cherbeg, embattled University of Washington coach who received vote of confidence and new one-year contract from school regents despite November player revolt, was dismissed in turnaround, after three-month attempt to hold team together, charged sabotage by "unhappy alliance" including athletic director, university vice-president and influential alumni.

New York Giants, Polo Grounds tenants for their 21-year existence, despoiled Manhattan ball yard for cross-river Yankee Stadium, signed 10-year lease on new home at insistence of "continually worried" NFL Commissioner Bert Bell who feared Goggin's bluff property might become site of new housing development. Switch bred new rumors that baseball Giants would soon follow suit.

TRACK AND FIELD

Villanova continued dominance of indoor season in Boston AA games as Dublin-bred **Ron Delany**, disregarding fast early pace, came from 25 yards back in final quarter to take Hunter Mile in 4:06.3, swiftest board clocking of winter; Wes Santee, sidelined for month with calf injury, labored in fourth. Other Villanova winners: Charley

MILEPOSTS

MARRIED—**Rodney Clark** (Hot Rod) Hundley, 21, clowning West Virginia University basketballer, and high school sweetheart Nancy Jane Hammond, 20; at Morgantown, W. Va.

ELECTED—**Hank Greenberg** and **Joe Crain**, general managers of Cleveland Indians and Boston Red Sox, former American League stars; to Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y.

DIED—**Col. Blake R. Van Leer**, 62, president of Georgia Tech since 1944, longtime champion of college athletics who stood firm on furor surrounding Pitt and its Negro Fullback Bobby Grier playing Tech in 1956 Sugar Bowl—"We have made a contract and we will fulfill it"; of coronary thrombosis at Atlanta, Ga.

DIED—**Billy Evans**, 71, American League umpire (1906-27). Therapist general manager of Cleveland Indians (1928-53), Detroit Tigers (1947-51) and Cleveland Ram football club (1941-42), Southern Association president (1943-45), Boston Red Sox farm director (1936-49), sportswriter; of heart attack at Miami.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Variety of the Associated Press writers' poll)

Team standings this week (first-place votes in parentheses)

	Points
1—San Francisco (36)	2,357
2—Dayton (3)	856
3—Vanderbilt (15)	822
4—North Carolina State (4)	733
5—Louisville (15)	726
6—Illinois (2)	698
7—Temple (12)	581
8—Knockout	483
9—North Carolina (4)	383
10—Duke (1)	211

RENNERS-UP: 11, St. Louis (5); 12, Alabama (2); 13, St. Francis (Brooklyn) (4); 14, Holy Cross (4); 15, Oklahoma City (4); 16.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

**Which is the gamest fish
to land? On what tackle?**

**(asked at the First
International Women's
Fishing Tournament,
Palm Beach, Fla.)**

MRS. ALLISON (LIZ) FELITAS

Wilmington, Del.



DEY

"The white marlin, using a nine-thread line. That's better than trying to show off with a two-, three- or six-thread line. Pounded for pound, the white marlin is the fightingest, gamest fish in the seas. I lost a world's record, a 92-pounder, because my line tested one pound too much in one spot."

MRS. GAR WOOD, Miami



"I've found the tarpon to be the gamest. Tarpon are game fighters, are tricky and keep you on edge. They'll jump, come at you and dart away. You can easily lose control. I like to cast for tarpon, in the manner of fly casting, with a 10-pound test monofilament nylon line."

JACQUELINE GERLI, Palm Beach



"As one who has hooked nearly every species of fish, I say that the white marlin is the gamest. You use a three-thread, eight-pound test line. It's hard to control a white marlin. He will sound on you and he may jump. It's impossible to tell. You really have to wear one out to pull him in."

MRS. LOUIS A. (GINI) FERGUSON Jr.

Palm Beach



"Sailfish. They really put on a fan dance for you and are small enough to be interesting. These fish are boated reasonably quickly. You don't tie up a boat most of the day as you may with marlin or tuna. It's a real challenge using a light six-thread line. I'm not good enough. I use a nine-thread."

MRS. JOSEPHINE ROBINSON, Newport, R.I.



"You can only cite your own personal experience. The wahoo gives me the most terrible fight. It takes off like a streak of lightning. One mistake and you lose. I fish on six-thread line in the Bahamas. Some use three-thread for the wahoo, but I think that's trick fishing."

MRS. EDWARD B. COSGROVE

La Sorel, Minn.
Winner of top
tournament honors



"I can't agree with those in this tournament who say the sailfish is the gamest. I caught four the first day. It was no fun, almost dull. The fightingest fish I ever hooked was a striped marlin in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, with a 15-thread line."

BILLIE COLEMAN, South Oyster, N.Y.



Vice-President
B. F. Gladding
Fishing Line Co.

"Tarpon on a fly rod. To begin with, there is an art in casting. The presentation of the bait combined with the right line causes the tarpon to jump more. It's spectacular and more fun. That's the way I like to fish, the tough way, giving the fish the better of it."

HELEN (HONEY CHIL) GORTON

Palm Beach



"The sailfish. It's not only game to the reel, but it is the most satisfying because of its beauty. The way sailfish tail the water is spectacular and colorful. No wonder it's the fisherman's favorite. I use a six-thread line. I'm not expert enough to use a three-thread."

MRS. L. T. VERNER, Dallas



"In the Pacific either the striped marlin or sailfish. The sailfish don't come as big in the Atlantic as in the Pacific. Eight feet is a bit small for Pacific sailfish, which jump more and will sound, if you let them. Then there's trouble. Hook one on a six-thread line and you have a fight on your hands."

MRS. JOHN (KATY) RYEDOVICH Jr.

West Palm Beach



"The beautiful sailfish are my pets. We always release them when we get them to the boat. But the white marlin is the gamest. He gives you the best fight. I use a nine-thread line because I want a chance. But a six-thread can be used. On sailfish, I use a three-thread."

MRS. S. L. (WINNIE) SANDS

Norfolk, E. W. I.

Holder of two world records



"The wahoo, using a three-thread or 10-pound test line. Although the biggest one ever caught weighed only 136 pounds, they are terrific fighters. That first run with the wahoo is like a shot out of a cannon. Maybe that's why some persons exclaim 'Wahoo' in surprise or disbelief."

NEXT WEEK:

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THE highest standard of authenticity and accuracy is one goal SPORTS ILLUSTRATED set for itself from its first issue. The extent to which SI has achieved this (it is pretty hard to reach 100%) has been pleasantly reflected in a number of ways—for example, in letters of commendation from people of honored reputation in various fields of sport, in inquiries from readers for answers to sundry questions of sport, in a request from the U.S. Information Agency to prepare for world-wide circulation an exhibit on the role of sports in America today.

About a month ago I happened into a further example of regard for SI's authoritativeness which could hardly have come from a more eminent judge.

On the Tuesday after the bowl games a cousin of mine asked me what to expect if her daughter called a certain SI telephone number. The daughter, with a school assignment to write on a current events subject, had read the New York Times that morning, had chosen the bowl games. Looking for background material, she had called the Times with a barrage of questions: Who played the first one? Where? How many games have been played? What teams have won most often? Why is a bowl called a bowl? The Times most co-operatively offered intelligence on the events of the preceding day but suggested a different source for the historical matters: an SI telephone extension.

Tracking this down for my cousin, I found that it rings the bell in our 17-month-old Index Department. To have it recommended by the newspaper which in 105 years of existence has established some records of its own for authenticity and accuracy in all areas of news seemed to me the warmest praise possible.

As it turned out, all the information was not on the tip of SI Index's tongue. But the two bowl PREVIEWS which we have published contained much of it. And our Index Department said it would try to send more later.

Among the "more later," the best SI could do on one question was that a bowl is called a bowl because it's shaped like a bowl. I don't know how much this added to the paper of my first cousin once removed. But I am glad to report that, thanks in part to both the New York Times and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, she received a mark which will not get in the way of her promotion to the seventh grade.



Harry Phillips

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TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers of all degrees
 of skill

from **HARRY COOPER**, Metropolis Country Club, White Plains, N. Y.

That old admonition, "keep your eye on the ball," is not nearly as meaningful as it has often been conceded to be. The key point is not merely to keep your eye on the ball but to keep your head firmly anchored throughout your swing. Why is this so important? Well, the head serves as the pivotal center of the swing. As long as the head remains still and steady—and assuming your swing is built on a fundamentally sound action—you cannot fail to hit fine golf shots. However, if you move your head, you throw the center of your pivotal action off-center, and this forces you to set up a series of compensations in your swing. You can get away with a swing made up of compensations now and then, but you are really defeating yourself in the long run. Consistently good golf can only be produced by sound, correct action.

One excellent method for testing whether or not you are keeping your head steady is to line it up on some nearby object (like a tree), then stop when you are about halfway into your backswing and check whether or not your head has maintained that alignment. When the sun is out, the check is made much simpler. Then you line up your "shadow head" on some object like a tee marker and check whether or not it strays off the mark as you move into your backswing motion.

Below: Harry Cooper at address



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NEXT WEEK: JOHN THOREN ON THE WAITER'S POSITION

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

HISTORIC HEADER ON ICE • A BARDON'S HONOR AT STAKE • LANDY
SOUNDS A WARNING • A PRD AND A CON FOR FOOTBALL • THE WAY
LOEFFLER LIKES TO PLAY • DREAM DIES IN NEW YORK • NEW RULE

THE OLYMPICS UNFOLD

AS THE ATHLETES of 32 nations raced through the first week of the Winter Games, they produced every element of drama and excitement that an Olympics could possibly provide. And with it all there was a background of humor that balanced perfectly with the intensity of the competition.

In the opening ceremony 1,200 athletes stood at attention and 10,000 spectators rose to cheer when an Italian skater named Guido Caroli swept into the ice stadium bearing the Olympic torch. Seconds later Caroli stumbled to immortality (see page 30) as he tripped over a microphone wire in one of the most agonizing pratfalls in sports history.

Undaunted, Caroli jumped back on his feet and skated to the podium to dip the still burning torch into the oil of the Olympic lamp. "I didn't let the torch go out," said the now famous torchbearer later. "Remember that. I didn't let it go out."

Then the Games were under way. The first gold medal, in the women's giant slalom, was won by an apple-cheeked German frau, whom no one had bothered to watch in the preliminaries simply because she didn't seem to be very good. The first cross-country races were won by the most traditional of all winter-sports athletes—a Norwegian lumberjack and a Finnish forest ranger. A boisterous Italian jet pilot won the two-man bobsled, but achieved no more glory than the fourth-place finisher, the fiercely competitive Marquis de Portago, who raced his first bobsled only a year ago but was nevertheless inconsolable on failing to take home a gold medal for Spain. Asked what happened in the race, the Marquis muttered, "I loused up."

As the Games rolled ahead, however,

it was the Russians who began to dominate. After five days of their first Winter Olympics, the Soviets had won four of the 10 gold medals, set three Olympic records and upset the balance of power (see page 17) which has rested with Norway, Austria and the U.S. since the Winter Games started 32 years ago. Observing the Russian phenomenon, the newspapers of the world produced some marvelously varied scoring systems, none of which meant anything but all of which added up to the fact that Russia was doing awfully well.

At week's end, with 14 events still to go, the U.S. finally began to move up when Hayes Jenkins and Tenley Albright jumped into commanding leads in figure skating. However, even with the surprises that the final days were sure to produce, it seemed unlikely that America, Norway, Austria, or any other country could match the opening performance put on by Russia, the new giant of winter sports.

UNPLACED BUT UNBOWED

AMID the pomp and glitter of the opening-day parade at the Winter Olympics, no flag-bearer walked more proudly than Baron Edward von Fals-Fein of Liechtenstein. This was a great moment, for the banner of Liechtenstein seldom moves with those of the great nations. The entire country of 13,571 souls takes up 62 square miles of Alps and pasture land on the east border of Switzerland. The army, consisting of one ancient soldier, died peacefully in bed 15 years ago, leaving the frontiers open to the dead legions of Prussia with whom Liechtenstein is still technically at war.

But here at the Olympics, Liechtenstein was honorably represented by a brave little band of skiers and—thanks to an 11th-hour inspiration by Von Fals-Fein—by a bobsled team as well.

In all of Liechtenstein before the

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

International Olympic officials, in session at Cortina, gave Californians (ill April 3 to raise the further \$4,000,000) will take to put Squaw Valley in shape for the 1960 Winter Olympics—otherwise the honor will revert to the runner-up site at Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol. The California delegation promised to meet the deadline and to have Squaw Valley ready, in fact, for the between-Olympics winter sport world championships of 1958 as well.

Snow conditions at Squaw Valley last week, incidentally, were in magnificent contrast to the patchy, warm-weather ones at Cortina. The California site offered sunny cold weather (temp to 22°), with 60 inches of snow on the lower slopes, more than 100 on the upper slopes.

January weather oddities plagued sports elsewhere. In Hawaii, where magnificent rolling surf is to be expected in January, the international surfboard championships

had to be postponed because the Pacific was producing only four-foot ripples. Quebec's three-day dog derby had to be postponed because of too little snow.

Ford Motor Company has little to say, officially, about the challenge implied in Chevrolet's decision to aim some special Corvettes for such races as Sebring's 12-hour endurance run next March. The Thunderbird is a "personal car," not a racing machine, Ford emphasizes. Nonetheless, look for a private Thunderbird or two to compete at Sebring after racing adjustments made under the expert eye of Pete DePaolo, veteran Indianapolis winner and Ford's adviser on competition activities.

Reusing news for aficionados is the word that Spain's great Luis Miguel Dominguez, putting his retirement firmly behind him, will compete with his brilliant successor, Venezuela's César Grón, in a two-man program (1950s & 1950s) in Venezuela Feb. 25.

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Games, there were only two men who had ever driven a bobsled. One was the baron himself but, alas, he had made a honeymoon promise years ago never to drive again. The other was a Liechtensteiner who, in the baron's view, broke training so enthusiastically that he had to be dropped from the squad just the day before the first trials.

It was a dark hour. Von Falz-Fejn could never go back on his word to the



baroness, and there seemed to be no one else to drive the sled. But at midnight, with the trials only hours away, the solution occurred to the baron. He hurried to the home of a 19-year-old Liechtensteiner named Moritz Heidegger, who, undeniably, had never driven a bobsled but was a demon motorcycle racer. The baron shook Moritz awake.

"How would you like to drive a bobsled?" he demanded.

"What's a bobsled?" asked the sleepy youngster.

"You drive it like a motorcycle," said the baron.

"When?" asked Moritz.

"The trials start tomorrow."

"Oh, all right. I'll try it."

"By the way," the baron added, "the bobsleds run on ice."

Moritz reared up in bed. "On ice?"

"You have given your word," the baron reminded him.

"That's true," said Moritz, "but I'm only 19—a minor—so you must ask my mother."

His mother was delighted. So, after a restless night, Moritz left with the baron for Cortina. When they showed up at the head of the run, its icy trough gleamed wickedly in the early sunlight.

"It's not really just like motorcycles," he muttered gloomily.

The brakeman, 21-year-old Welin Wolfinger, who was also seeing a bobsled run for the first time, maintained a morbid silence.

Only the baron was undismayed.

"There they were," he related afterward, reveling in the memory. "The Liechtenstein team gloriously standing on a bobsled run for the first time in their lives. Then the officials waved them on. The silence that fell over the whole bobsled run was the most impressive thing I have ever lived through."

Only the voice of the loudspeaker cracked the stillness. "They are at Stries [the first bend]," the speaker boomed. "Now they are at the Labyrinth, they are past Bandion, past Antelao, past Cristallo, past the final bend." A single shout went up from all over the hillside. Liechtenstein had arrived at the finish.

The baron rushed to ask his men how it had been. Moritz spoke thus: "Every curve I try not to go off. It's my only idea. Go good, but not off and over." Brakeman Wolfinger reported: "It was trees and trees and trees. I was petrified. But Moritz kept shouting 'Brake! Brake!' So I put on the brake." Dourly, bobsled officials concluded that he had dug his brakes so thoroughly into the crust of the run that it might never be the same. They ordered Liechtenstein to run last. "Then," said the committeemen, "it doesn't matter if you spoil the track."

Indeed it did not. In the final trials, Liechtenstein finished last among 25 nations. But in the actual Olympic competition a few days later, in the race for the gold medal, the baron's faith was repaid. At the end of three official heats Liechtenstein had bested the second sled of Norway, a traditional winter sports giant. It was a cruel blow when their final run was canceled on the grounds that the track was by then too cut up. But the Liechtensteiners stood up bravely, for as far as they had gone, they had beaten someone. In the fine phrase of the Olympic oath, they had achieved glory and honor for their land.



MOTOR BOAT SHOW

Helen of Troy, divinely fair,

Obviously isn't there;

But nautical guys with hearty paunches

Aim to skip a thousand launches.

—Edith Blanchard

OFFSTAGE TRUMPET

A DAY OR SO after trumpets sounded at Cortina to signal the opening of the Winter Games, a semiforgotten man named John Landy, half a world away, blew a blast of his own. It was rather like an offstage trumpet, a warning, you might say, of things to come.

Australians had been thinking of Landy as a suitable chap to trot into Melbourne stadium next November hearing the traditional Olympic flame—an honor usually reserved for an athletic hero of a bygone day. But John Landy, who recently retired himself, got on his mark at Melbourne one day last week for his first competitive mile in 17 months and blusted home in three minutes 58.6 seconds—the second fastest mile ever run by man. Incidentally, the fastest ever run was by John Landy too, before he gave up running to be a schoolteacher.

Landy, of course, is not the man to be satisfied with a mere 3:58.6. He has set himself a March goal: "To run inside four minutes . . . I mean well inside four minutes [81, Jan. 23]."

Australia can start looking for another retired chap to do that torch-bearing job next November.

TWO VIEWS OF FOOTBALL

HORRIBLE as it may sound to Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins, the University of Chicago came close to taking up intercollegiate football once again. Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton, who succeeded Bob Hutchins as head man at Chicago and showed how different he was by announcing he *liked* football, appointed a faculty committee last spring to study the problem of whether Chicago should resume the game. By petition the student body had already endorsed the idea, and Kimpton decided it was high time to review the whole situation. It had been 16 years since Hutchins had succeeded in having football banished from the campus, and obviously there was a different sentiment as well as a different chancellor abroad on the Midway.

Last December, Kimpton's special committee recommended dropping Chicago's ban on football as a first move toward restoring the game in a modest way. "We believe that the University of Chicago should be able to play football on a truly amateur basis, without overemphasis and its attendant problems," said the committee report. "Football, like all other athletic activities at the university, should be

supported from educational funds, and its continuance should not depend on gate receipts or spectator interest. The emphasis should be on enjoyment of the game by the players."

The recommendation went directly to the university's Senate Council, a faculty board with life-and-death authority over such matters. There, on the suggestion of Professor Morton Grodzins, a political scientist who con-



siders intercollegiate football subversive, discussion was cut short. "We all know what we think," said Grodzins. "Why don't we vote right away?" So, without referring the matter to the customary subcommittee for study, the Senate Council voted 24-14 to keep the ban.

There is, of course, another attitude toward intercollegiate football, and it was recalled by the death last week of Colonel Blake R. Van Leer, the 62-year-old president of Georgia Tech. In one of the best short endorsements of the game on record, President Van Leer said a while back:

"Football at Georgia Tech is entirely beneficial. Our young men, in varying degrees, like to engage in physical bodily contact and competitive sports. At their ages (16 to 25) I think they should. I think that competitive intramural and intercollegiate athletics are a fine part of their education even when they do nothing but participate as spectators.

"In every generation there are always those who would like to turn our youth into cloistered monks who only contemplate things or try to devise new theories about life. I see no harm that football does to education, general or professional. . . .

"Man doesn't live by bread alone, as the saying goes, and if we are to educate the whole man we must concede that there is something else in the world besides a community of scholars."

DON'T TELL MANTLE

IT IS doubtful that Frankie Sinatra himself, even in the era when his admirers screamed and swooned at his glance, ever received adulation quite as specific as that which came the way of the New York Yankees' Mickey Mantle a few days ago. A female fan from Pennsylvania (presumed to be a baseball bobby-soxer) directed a letter

to Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital asking the establishment to send her the young outfielder's tonsils.

Mickey, it should perhaps be explained, had just had them removed; thus no special surgery would have been necessary in complying with the request.

Lenox Hill authorities answered rather stiffly. All "postoperative specimens," they informed her, are sent to the hospital's department of pathology (eventually to be unfeelingly incinerated) and hence could not be relinquished. A standoffish attitude was also adopted toward the patient. "As you may know," a Lenox Hill spokesman said in an aside for the press, "many of the doctors here are Yankee fans. Therefore, after due consideration, it was decided not to tell Mickey Mantle that a request for his tonsils had been made—he is probably conceited enough."

LOEFFLER'S RULES OF WAR

JUST WHEN college basketball seemed hibernated in the mid-year lull, the news perked up. The University of San Francisco won its 40th game in a row (albeit by the odd modern score of 33-24 when the University of California attempted a private filibuster with the ball) and in so doing set an alltime record of unbroken victories. The underdog University of Louisville upset the second-ranking University of Dayton, and the underdog Vanderbilts upset the third-ranking Kentuckys. After each of these engagements, losers congratulated winners and coach shook hands with coach in the customary ritual of sportsmanship which nobody ever thinks of challenging.

Almost nobody, that is. Down in Texas, Coach Ken Loeffler of Texas A&M was challenging the ritual and making headlines of his own.

By Texas A&M standards (won 6, lost 40 in the last two seasons), Coach Loeffler is doing well in his first year. So far the Aggies have won six games, while losing only 10. But Loeffler (51, Dec. 12) is a coach who cannot bear to lose at all. Part of his pedagogy in his first year at A&M has been to indoctrinate his Texas boys with the same all-out philosophy. Thus, in a recent game with Rice, he angrily wigwagged one of his players to hustle over to the bench, after the player had fouled out, rather than stop and shake hands with his opponent. Thus, after a recent game with Texas (which the Aggies won, but by a smaller margin than Coach Loeffler found creditable),

he stalked off the floor without waiting to shake hands with his Texas rival, Coach Shue Hull.

Texas sportswriters blew the whistle. Asked Jack Gallagher in the *Houston Post*: "This is character building?" Last week Coach Loeffler sent his answer to Gallagher and other critics.

"As you may suspect by this time, I'm a highly competitive individual of the old school who believes in complete concentration on the job at hand. Coming to Aggieland, I found many boys who played (let us say) gracefully, crowd-consciously with a hero-worshipping complex always of the other fellow. With that paragraph as a premise I'll go on.

"I want my teams (they always have in the past) to start to burn inside about an hour before the game and about an hour after with the intense desire to beat the opponent and dispense with the little superficial niceties that are crowd-pleasing, particularly to nice old ladies and the Back Bay set who look you in the eye and wring your hand in undying fellowship.

"Is there anything more phony than the prizefighters who embrace after gouging each other or the football player who knocks a guy down and then picks him up?

"Hell, this is a contest (a measure of war) and as long as you play by rules let's let him pick himself up. He calls himself a warrior and gets the accolade due one. Part of being a warrior is picking himself up.

"So I don't want my players running all around the floor congratulating people. Maybe after the game, yes. Most of the international trouble of the world today is due to the handshake without meaning. . . ."

Loeffler's concluding injunction to Texas critics: "Get thy foot off my neck."

HAPPY ENDING

WITH PARENTAL regret the golfing fathers inserted a new paragraph (113) in *The Rules of Golf* at the annual U.S. Golf Association meeting. The new rule denounces excessive gambling, an action the USGA explained with the following release:

"The United States Golf Association disapproves of gambling in connection with golf tournaments because of the harm it can do to the best interests of the game. Golf is a game to be played primarily for its own sake, especially amateur golf. When it is played

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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for gambling motives, evils can arise to injure both the game and the individual players.

"Therefore, the USGA urges its member clubs, all golf associations and all other sponsors of golf competitions to prohibit gambling in connection with tournaments. . . .

"The association will deny amateur status or refuse entry for USGA championships to players whose activities in connection with golf gambling are considered by the association to be contrary to the best interests of golf. . . ."

These few paragraphs, coming as an abrupt and welcome epilogue to last year's scandal at Deepdale (SI, Nov. 14), have already cast a gloom over some of the gaudier spas of the winter season, particularly along the Florida gold coast. The word is around that

without those fabulous Calcutta pools that have recently jazzed up a number of the tournaments in this playground, many of café society's hustling golfers don't plan to show up. The reaction elsewhere is: good riddance.

THE COST OF DREAMS

EVER SINCE a large group of wise and wealthy jockey Club members incorporated the Greater New York Association last year, the state's increasing number of disgruntled racing fans have been consoling themselves with pleasant dreams of the new super track which was promised them by the wise and wealthy. Last week the GNYA awoke the dreamers with a surprising although not entirely unexpected announcement: the group had come to the realization that the \$30 million available to it (from an original guaranteed loan of \$47 million)

was insufficient to build anything along super-duper lines. The best that could be hoped for, it appeared, was a lot of so-called major re-modeling at either Belmont Park or Aqueduct.

When would it happen? Oh, maybe in time for fall racing in 1958. In the meantime the look of newness would be supplied through such common devices as those which will be obvious to visitors at Saratoga next summer: a new coat of paint here and there, a new 54-stall barn which cost \$60,000 and some \$40,000 worth of seats to replace some old benches.

In its preliminary surveys the GNYA was discerning something elementary which every U.S. home builder well knows: the cost of building is still going up. Back in 1934 the initial capital investment to build Santa Anita totaled just \$1,000,000. Four years later Hollywood Park cost \$2,500,000. Building costs, so the wise men have been informed, have risen 25% just since 1950 and over 8% in the last 18 months. One good example is the new Woodbine Park near Toronto. Planned for approximately 8,000 seats, it figured to cost about \$8 million. Now nearing completion, final costs will come close to \$12 million. In other words, building a modern race track can, as a general rule of thumb, be estimated to cost about \$1,500 per seat.

Where does all this leave New Yorkers and their dreams? It leaves them on the hook until early summer when the GNYA will receive its first official engineering and construction survey with suggestions as to what can be done for \$30 million.

MORE—AND WISER

THE AUDIENCE for boxing—as SI has said before—has marvelously increased since television began to bring it into the American home. This is the reason why millions of watchers, and not just the ringside thousands of the past, have a concern in boxing's basic honesty. But there is another result of the attention with which the multimillion audience has been following boxing on TV: millions who never before knew a kidney punch from a right cross can now distinguish a dirty fight from a good one.

That is why watchers all over the country have written to SI about the unforgivable performance of Featherweight Champion Sandy Saddler in his fight with the young Filipino, Flash Elorde (SI, Jan. 30), and why SI this week devotes its entire letters column to their verdict (see 19TH HOUR).



"In this final act Giacomo's Ferrari is tuned to perfection. But, half crazed with jealousy, he broods in this aria over the gypsy's ill omen for the Abruzzi race . . . Gina is in a gay mood . . . working up the sing of her new lover Grazzini and his Maserati."



RUSSIA TAKES OVER

by ANDRE LAGUERRE

In their first try at a Winter Games the Soviets dominated the opening days as a pack of sleek speed skaters set new Olympic records at Cortina

AS THE SEVENTH Winter Olympic Games approached the halfway mark, the Soviet Union, in its first try, was the only nation close to dominating them.

That, for the sporting world in general and the United States in particular, is the unaccommodating truth, only partly camouflaged by the color and gaiety which outwardly characterize the festivities at Cortina d'Ampezzo.

These, if superficial, are real enough. The Corso Itali, twisting main stem around which this little town is built, is ablaze with the flags of 32 participating nations. The five Olympic rings decorate every store window. Between events, athletes, reporters and fans, in multihued capes and sweaters, so throng the streets that all automobiles except those with the highest priority are barred from the center of town.

At night the dance floors and bars at the biggest hotels, like the Bellevue, where the bulk of the U.S. team is lodged, and the Savoia, which houses some 400 newsmen, throb and bulge with the merrymaking of as motley a crew as can be met outside an international peace conference. Food (spinach is almost the only green vegetable available in Cortina) and drink (Scotch whisky at \$1.30 a shot) leave something to be desired. But most of the 12,000-odd visitors who have tripled the population of this small Dolomite resort seem determined to consider the Olympic Games as something to be enjoyed. And that goes for a good many of the competitors.

Not, it is almost superfluous to say, for the Russians. It is their wont on these occasions to live some distance from the heart of the matter, and they have isolated themselves in a lonely hotel at Tre Croci, a 5,700-foot mountain pass 3½ miles from Cortina. Here, in their brown hats and blue coats, on which the letters "C C C P" are stitched in white, they sleep and eat (three steak meals a day) in seclusion, and are polite but reticent when approached. In fact, they are surprised at liberties taken with them.

SI Photographer Jerry Cooke, who speaks Russian, overheard the following dialogue between two Russian skiers in a group he surprised at training:

First skier: "But has he been given permission to photograph us?"

Second skier: "No."

First skier: "He should be reported."

Second skier (evidently not on his first trip through the Curtain): "Here they do not have to have permission to photograph us."

First skier: "Are you sure?"

Second skier: "Yes, quite sure."

In the vital matter of preparing for the Games, though, the Russians have been far from naive. They have stayed out of Winter Olympic competition until they figured they were good enough to come out on top. Although they still abstain from such competitions as figure skating and bobsledding, partly because they consider them showy and nonutilitarian and possibly because they are not yet able to win them, they have entered enough Olympic events to give them the chance of claiming to be the world's premier winter-sports nation. Four gold medals out of 10 in the first five days at Cortina gave sharp initial endorsement to their claim.

U.S. experts were aware of Soviet progress, but were not apprised of its extent until they got to Europe for pre-Olympic trials this winter.

The shock has perhaps been greatest in the domain of speed skating. In the six previous Winter Olympics, the U.S. and Norway between them had won 18 of the 24 gold medals awarded for this sport over the four Olympic distances. The U.S., itself six times gold medalist in speed skating, had won the 500-meter three times. At Cortina, the Russians won the first three skating events with ease, placing first and second in the 500-meter, and first and third in the 5,000, while two of them dead-beated for first honors in the 1,500. But the U.S. has been out of the hunt. Nearest American in the 500 was Bill Carow, 31-year-old fire fighter from Madison, Wis., who finished sixth. His 41.8 was a new U.S. record, although almost two seconds slower than Evgeny Grishin's new world record of 40.2.

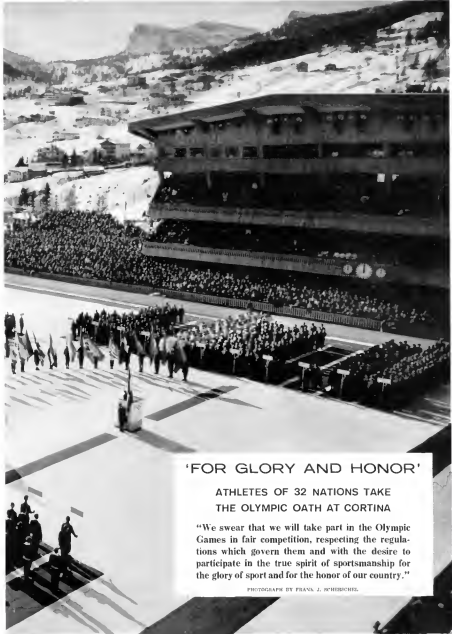
In the 5,000-meter the nearest American was Pat McNamara, nearly 22 seconds behind Boris Shilbov. In the 1,500 McNamara was again best American—in 29th place, and 6.6 seconds behind Grishin and Yuri Mikhailov.

It must be reported that the morale of the U.S. skating squad was low before the Olympics ever started. Pre-Olympic trials in Europe, in which the Russians had participated, had all turned to the latter's advantage, and the culmination came in training at Misurina itself.

Misurina, where all the Olympic speed skating has been held, is a frozen lake eight miles from Cortina. Gosta Nilsson, with his 40 years of experience of building skating rinks, has made what is now generally admitted to be the fastest rink in the world, putting in the shade even the Russians' "miracle rink" at Alma-Ata in Turkestan. His formula is a closely guarded secret, but it involves daily chopping the ice free from the land all around the circumference of the lake, packing six inches of snow on the black

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 28—FOR OPENING SPECTACLE, TURN PAGE





'FOR GLORY AND HONOR'

ATHLETES OF 32 NATIONS TAKE
THE OLYMPIC OATH AT CORTINA

"We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in fair competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and with the desire to participate in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the glory of sport and for the honor of our country."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK J. SCHUCHERL

THE RUSSIANS TAKE OVER AT CORTINA

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ice formed by the frozen lake and then pouring spring water on the snow to form a layer of white ice.

The qualities of the Misurina rink were soon shown when an unofficial international competition was held a few days before the Olympics and Grishin won in 49.2, thus setting the unofficial new world record which he was to confirm in the Olympic event. Russians were first, second, third and fifth. Carow, fourth, was the best American. When the Olympic 500-meter was skated, 13 competitors improved on their own national records. The Russians had been feared over the longer skating distances, but until recently had not been expected to shine in the 500. That was sadly to underrate the qualities of infinite patience and application which these Soviet successes are demonstrating.

It is now clear that every Russian athlete of international promise has been taken out of his job and given intense, year-round training which few in the West can equal and which, of course, is state-paid. A Russian skating coach told me: "We have 50 men for every distance, each as good as the other. We almost had to draw lots to pick the Olympic teams."

Away from the ice, Soviet skaters don't stop practicing. They slide their feet through plowed fields, and attach weights to their ankles to develop calf

and thigh muscles. The greatest attention is paid to technique, and movies of athletes from rival countries are closely studied long before the Olympics are on the horizon. This does not only apply to the speed skaters. Skiers and jumpers from the U.S. and western Europe in Cortina have been surprised to have been hailed familiarly by Russians they are meeting for the first time but who know them well from movies.

Del Lamb, U.S. speed-skating coach, hardly hothered to conceal his gloom before the Olympics started. When I asked him what made the Soviet skaters so good, he answered curtly: "Money—which makes it possible for them to work at it." In the hotel lobbies where American coaches and managers foregather, I have heard \$85 million mentioned as the sum set aside by the Soviet government for its state-subsidized athletic program. Lamb, who lost his job as a fireman in 1948 to go with the U.S. Olympic team and who has had to close his sporting-goods store in Milwaukee to accompany this one, feels particularly strongly that not enough help is given American skaters. He, of course, would much prefer Olympic skating races to be run according to the U.S. "pack" system with its crowded, highly competitive turns, which he justly thinks is more crowd pleasing. "Then we'd show 'em. We'd have 'em sprawling all over the place." But such

a change, which is not in the cards anyway, would merely give the U.S. the chance to exploit superior tactical experience.

Grishin, Shilov and Mikhaelov skated superbly. Like all great artists, they made it look easy. There is no question of their winning by brute strength, although their leg muscles plainly bulge through their ankle-length blue tights. While others give the impression of forcing their muscles to keep up with the clock, they skate smoothly and seemingly effortlessly. They combine the grace of a ballet dancer with the leg drive of a footballer, while every move they make—every curve of their bodies, and even of their fingers—is scientifically designed to reduce wind resistance to a minimum.

Whether or no the Russians continue as they have begun and go on to be the great victors of these Olympics, enough has already been seen of their approach to winter sports to make it important for their Western rivals, and the U.S. in particular, to think things through more thoroughly than they have.

It is, of course, quite natural that a country with the population of the U.S.S.R. should produce some world champions. It is also natural that its climate should give it some advantage in winter competitions. And it must also be said, by way of a preliminary, that in all the complaints about the state aid given to Soviet athletes there

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PRATFALL to fame was taken by torch-bearer Guido Caroli, who sprawled over loose microphone wire.



ONE-MAN DELEGATION from Bolivia, consisting of Skier Rene Farwig Guffen, marched bravely behind sign carrier in opening ceremony at ice stadium.



U.S. DELEGATION IN RED BEAVER HATS, WHITE JACKETS SWUNG DOWN MAIN STREET OF CORTINA ON WAY TO TAKE BATH AT ICE STADIUM

RUSSIAN, ITALIAN ATHLETES (LEFT) MINGLED AT EDGE OF STADIUM BEFORE FORMING UP FOR TRADITIONAL MARCH AT OPENING CEREMONIES



THE RUSSIANS TAKE OVER AT CORTINA

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is the old familiar ring of the alibi. For it is also true that the simon-pure amateurism of many Western competitors can also be questioned on ethical, if not technical, grounds.

Yet, when all is said and done, a problem of redefinition remains for us. An essay on the political importance of sport in a world of competitive co-existence could easily be written. But, leaving politics right out of it, it seems that simple logic requires us to be sure in our own minds of what we are trying to do. There are three positions from which to choose:

1) We can say that others may make sport a matter of state enterprise and national prestige if they wish, but that we prefer to continue to compete on our basis of personal satisfaction and enjoyment. In that case we can carry on as we do, probably have a lot of fun and take a lot of beatings.

2) We can say that we and the dictator countries do not look at sport in the same way, and refuse to compete with them on an amateur basis. This would ring down the Iron Curtain on sport.

3) We can say we intend to compete at all costs, and employ the same methods as the Russians. The logical outcome of this would be to admit professionals to the Olympics.

These deeper issues, however, are so far only being carelessly discussed at Cortina. Attention is naturally focused on actual results.

The three competitions which have

excited most interest have been hockey, the two-man bob and the men's giant slalom. At hockey, the Kitchener-Waterloo Dutchmen, 1954-55 Allen Cup winners, represent Canada, still tournament favorites. Canada won all three of its games in the elimination contests, scoring 30 goals against one. Soviet Russia, Czechoslovakia and the U.S., in that order, are rated the Canadians' chief rivals, and the issue will not be decided until the last days.

Already bitter controversy is growing over interpretation of hockey rules. The Europeans pull a lot of slide tricks which European referees let pass, but which Canadians and Americans consider unfair play. On the other hand, vigorous body-checking as practiced on our side of the Atlantic is frowned on in Europe and often penalized by European referees.

Saturday night a capacity crowd of 15,000 jammed the pine and cement Olympic stadium to watch Italy hold the Canadians to a surprisingly tight 3-1 victory. Nine times a Canadian was sent to the penalty box, despite repeated protests from Captain Jack McKenzie. During the first two periods there were not three consecutive minutes when the Canadians had a full quad on the ice.

The two-man bob provided the U.S. with a sharp disappointment and the host country, Italy, with a great initial satisfaction as well as its only likely gold medal. All through the trials it looked like a two-nation contest

between the two Italian bobs and the Americansled driven by the 192-pound, East Hartford, Conn. sledder, Bud Washbond, himself the son of a former Olympic bobsled winner. The other American bob, driven by the Rochester physicist, Art Tyler, never looked like going places, chiefly because Tyler developed a mental block about the "Labyrinth," a name given to four consecutive twists in the 5,576-foot run which lead into the Bandillon Curve, the run's deadliest. Through not taking the Labyrinth cleanly, Tyler time and again came "fishtailing" (bumping on both sides of the run) into the Bandillon, thus losing vital fractions of seconds.

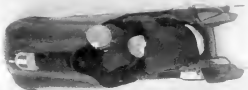
In actual competition, though, Washbond did little better than Tyler, allowing the two Italian teams, the Swiss and the Spanish (driven by the well-known European amateur jockey and automobile driver, the Marquis de Portago) to finish ahead of him.

The U.S. hobsledgers insist that "this is not a dangerous sport." But De Portago told me, "This damn well is a dangerous sport, and unless you go at it with that idea you might as well stay out. If you crash, it doesn't matter whether you are traveling at 55 mph or 60, but the margin in speed makes all the difference to your time."

The Americans used a steering wheel on their bob, while the four who finished ahead of them used a hand-rope arrangement. There is a long-standing argument between hobsledgers as to the respective merits of the rope, admittedly more sensitive, and the wheel, which is safer. Results at Cortina have given the hemp boys a big talking point.

OSSE REICHERT OF GERMANY, SKINNING OVER LIGHT DUSTING OF NEW POWDER SNOW, BOVE THROUGH GATES TO WIN GIANT SLALOM





ITALY'S NUMBER-ONE SLED, DRIVEN BY JET PILOT LAMBERTO DALLA COSTA, RATTLED CLOSE TO LIP OF RUN ON WAY TO GOLD MEDAL

No one, of course, thinks the American sledders lacked courage, but it is suggested that they were unduly complacent. Moreover, almost all the bobsledding in the U.S. is centered around Lake Placid, and the squad suffered from the same frictions which plague a family that lives too much with itself.

An estimated 30,000, including a good portion of the most dedicated ski fans in the world, lined the run for the men's giant slalom. Lack of snow had made the course tricky and bumpy. The Austrians were heavy favorites, and they duly obliged by filling the first three places, ahead of two Frenchmen. (The French ski squad is split wide open by charges of favoritism leveled against their coach and former champion, James Couttet.) Winner was the 21-year-old phenomenon, Toni Sailer, who finished over five seconds ahead of his compatriot, Anderl Molterer.

Sailer, who shot downhill in the most offhand and airy manner, was mobbed by the crowd after his victory. He is likely to be a big name in the international ski world for years to come.

Curiously enough, the Games to date have produced few real upset victories.

Some put in that category the 30-kilometer cross-country victory of the Finn, Velkko Hakulinen, in the very first event. But an unofficial poll of Olympic ski coaches the day before the race revealed that Hakulinen, who won the 50-kilometer at Oslo in 1952, was strongly favored over the Russian

bloc headed by Vladimir Kusin. The Russians hinted at their strength by filling the third, fourth, fifth and sixth places. Kusin, who was fifth, had only just recovered from a bout of grippe. The stocky, eyebrowless Soviet champion was spitting blood after the race. Hakulinen's victory quote was Olympian in its simplicity: "It is to go fast you enter a race. So I went fast." (It was left to an official Russian observer to produce the most unconsciously ironical comment of the Olympics: "Hakulinen is a forester in Finland. That means he spends the whole year on skis. That hardly makes him an amateur.")

The most notable surprises came in two women's ski events. The women's giant slalom was won by the most German-looking of all *fräuleins*, the buxom, pink-and-white-complexioned Ossi Reichert. The German Olympic squad here includes representatives from both West and East Germany, which Avery Brundage regards as a considerable diplomatic march stolen on John Foster Dulles, and Ossi comes from Bavaria. So it was the West German anthem which was played when she received her gold medal in front of the flickering Olympic flame. Ossi had first run, a considerable advantage in view of the lack of snow, and made the very good time of 1:56.5.

She is around 30, but coyly refuses to divulge her age. Her success she attributes to the fact that her home was

500 yards higher than her first school, and that from the age of 6 she had to ski down to lessons every morning.

In the giant slalom a very honorable fourth was Andrea Mead Lawrence. Andy is a little annoyed about the publicity she has been getting over the handicap she has incurred by having all those babies. "It doesn't take me long to work up my strength," she told me, "and right now I feel at full strength. Of course, I have only had six weeks' training, but many others are in the same spot. The fact is the standard of international skiing is higher than ever before, and I have been out of the big time."

There were hopes that Mead would take the special slalom, which was, however, unexpectedly won by Renée Colliard, a blonde, blue-eyed Swiss. Colliard had never before won a big race. Nevertheless, she finished excellently, with more than three seconds in hand over her runners-up, respectively Austrian and Russian. Andy Mead ruined her chance by missing a gate at the steepest and most slippery point.

Mead is a great-hearted competitor. Her personality and her fourth in the giant slalom have helped keep the U.S. in the picture. But it is the figure skaters who give the firmest guarantee that the Stars and Stripes will fly from the winner's pole before the Games are much older.

END

TURN TO PAGE 42 FOR OLYMPIC SCOREBOARD

A DUCK HUNT IN VENICE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE

THE HUNT begins at 4 a.m. Darkness still hides the city on the lagoon when the guests are awakened by a loud knocking on the door from Checco, the head gamekeeper. It is cold on the open marshlands of the Valle Grassano, the private hunting preserve across the lagoon outside of Venice; but soon, around the open hearth of the big kitchen, hot espresso coffee warms the hunters for the early start.

The day ahead is full of promise. As the guests of Dr. Ramiro Monti, owner of the Valle Grassano, they are about to enjoy some of the finest duck hunting in Europe—hunting still carried on in the Venetian tradition.

From the rooftop, the previous afternoon, they had watched through telescopes as the birds came in. Here, in the same area hunted by Hemingway's Colonel Cantwell in his novel *Across the River and into the Trees*, they wait impatiently. And now, at last, it is time to go. One by one they leave, with their "man," who the night before had made ready his *scaudolo*, the early Venetian rowboat still used in the marshlands.

For half an hour the *scaudoli* glide through the darkness. The slapping of water against the sides and the creaking of crossed oars are the only sounds as the boatmen swiftly propel the hunters to their preselected shooting positions in the marsh. When they reach them, the boatmen swiftly bail out the water from each *botte*, the barrel-like blinds where the hunters will spend their day. Around the sunken cement walls, a canvas lining with pockets for cartridges is hung. Food is stored in the pail-like stool on which the hunter sits. As their last duty, the boatmen set decoys. Then they leave, to return later with dogs when there are ducks to retrieve.

Alone, the hunters wait for dawn. Far in the distance the sound of gunfire can be heard and, high above, the first sound of beating wings brings guns to hand in haste and error. Hold fire. No shooting here, not yet. Only when the horn is blown—announcing dawn—can firing commence.

Now, from across the marsh, they hear it, and now they raise their guns. With the first shot the air is suddenly filled with birds—teals and curlews, pintails and mallards. There is no limit or restriction on the number that can be shot. For hours the shooting goes on. Ducks fall out of the sky as fast as they can be shot; methodically the dogs retrieve them, and slowly the day's bag grows bigger—in some cases 100 for each gun.

Toward noon the party starts back, *scaudoli* piled high with the rewards of the morning's hunt. Later, back at the *casone di caccia*, the hunters' lodge, the best ducks are sorted for the guests. Then the boatmen are given their choice. Waiting merchants, who have rowed up from nearby Torcello Island, buy the rest for market. In Venice, as in Valle Grassano, wild fowl will be the fare.

END



On the outskirts of the city of canals, the Lagoon of Venice is filled from October until April with a variety of fowl that summer behind the Iron Curtain. It is not rare for one Venetian to shoot 100 ducks a day during the long season.



VENETIAN HUNTERS set out for a day's shoot in the public marshes south of Venice. The large private shooting preserve, such as Valle Grassano, are to the northeast.



SURVEY of the nesting grounds of Valle Graucabo is taken by Dr. Ramiro Monti at sunset each day before a shoot is held to determine which of the various bote will offer the best shooting at sunrise.



AT THE "BOTTE," a zinnia, or canvas shell pocket, is put into place by Englishman Donald Stevenson after he has been transferred by Boatman Drighetto Ugo to new position where shooting is better.



WARMING UP. Don Stevenson pours himself a spot of tea. Provisions for the day of tea, wine, bread, salmon and cheese are stored in the milk-canlike revolving stool each hunter perches on.

PURSUING DECK. Lark, a mongrel retriever, chases a downed but lively bird through icy water along the edge of an island. Dogs stay quietly in the boats until called after the game is shot.





BOATMAN assigned to each hunter on the shoot is a skillful handler of the *zucchele*, an antique but swift Venetian rowboat, shown here with Don Stevenson as a passenger.



TALK OF THE HUNT brings hunters together around the *fogger*, the raised fireplace that is the center of Venetian kitchens, to drink wine, discuss the shoot and eat oels broiled over the coals.

From left to right, seated: Commendatore Bruno Monti, Conte Zasio, Cavalier Antonio Bianchini, Dr. Ramiro Monti, Giorgio Monti and Donald Stevenson, an English in-law of the Montis.

THE BEST DUCK HUNTING IN EUROPE

Where to find it, the seasons, and what you should know if you plan a hunt on the Continent

Italy

Nonresident hunters must have a temporary arms permit in order to secure a license to hunt. Negotiations for this may be started through the nearest Italian consulate, allowing time for clearance of the application. Guns should be declared, along with ammunition, at the border upon entering Italy. The temporary arms permit should be presented with passport at the local police office in the area in which the hunter wishes to hunt. It is necessary that the visitor first have an invitation from the owner or tenant of a hunting site. Costs vary according to accommodations available. They can range from no cost at all, to just room and board in a nearby hotel, to complete share of the cost of renting the shooting site. There are no shooting regulations as to bag, hours, etc. Although the hunter may kill as many birds as he can hit, many sportsmen impose a self-limit of around one dozen.

SEASONS: From mid-August to mid-April. The best hunting is from the end of October through December and from early February through April, coinciding with the times of migration.

BEST HUNTING AREAS: The marshy swamps along coasts; inland lakes and rivers. Particularly good are areas between the Po and Tagliamento rivers; Apulia in the south; Tuscany; Piedmont. Most shooting grounds are private, except in Apulia, where much of the land is public shooting area.

Germany

Visiting sportsmen may hunt on either private lands at the invitation of the owner or tenant, or on public lands by applying to the local authorities. If without a contact in Germany, apply in writing to any of the following for invitations or permission to hunt: Major Jans Krempel, Civil Affairs Office, U.S. Army Headquarters, Heidelberg; Herr Ulrich Scherping, *Deutscher Jagdschützerbund*, 3 Drachenfelsstrasse, Bonn; *Bayerischer Jagdschützen und Jägerverband*, Lubbenstrasse 25, Munich. Either a five-day permit or a one-year permit may be obtained, which in conjunction with a firearms

permit (required for each weapon carried) and hunter's liability insurance, will permit hunting in any part of the country. There are no special regulations as to bag limits, hours of shooting, etc. Custom is to shoot at relatively close ranges, with jump shooting preferred to decoy hunting. Concealed stands, permanent blinds, boats and foot hunting are all popular. Decoys are rarely used.

SEASONS: From August 1 to January 31. The best time is fall.

BEST HUNTING AREAS: Include the state of Schleswig-Holstein (bordering on Denmark); northern part of Lower Saxony (bordering on Holland); Baltic and North Sea coasts; valleys of Rhine, Weser, Inn, Elbe and Danube rivers; scattered lakes across country. Duck hunting grounds are predominantly private; those state-owned grounds which exist are in poor hunting areas and very small. Permission of local authorities is required to hunt on state-owned lands.

Holland

To secure a hunting license visiting hunters must submit an invitation to hunt in Holland to the Police Commissioner, The Hague. Detailed information as to serial number and caliber of weapons expected to be taken into the country must also be supplied. The license with this information on it will serve as a gun pass for crossing border.

Professional hunters can sometimes arrange invitations and are available through the hunting section of the Ministry of Agriculture for about \$6.50 a day. There are no bag limits but night hunting is illegal and no gun larger than 10 gauge or holding more than five shells is permitted.

SEASONS: July 25 to January 31. **BEST HUNTING AREAS:** Northern Wadden coast around IJsselmeer (old Zuider Zee) and in Zealand waterways.

France

Anyone over 18 years of age may hunt in France, after first securing hunter's liability insurance which must then be presented with an application for a license at the local prefect of police in the area to be hunted. The license (national hunting permit) is good anywhere in the country for one year, and

costs approximately \$4.50 per year. Hunting guns can be rented from sports shops or hunt clubs, but may also be brought into France after posting a bond at the point of entry. (Bond is returnable at any point of exit.) Ammunition may not be brought into France, and hunters should check what is available for their particular weapons before arrival. Other than the seasonal limits, there are no specific hunting regulations. Visitors may hunt day or night, shoot ducks on water or in flight, use live decoys and shoot an unlimited bag. Tame ducks are frequently used as lures for wild ones. Be warned: a hunter must pay a fine to the owner if he mistakes a tame duck for a wild one and kills it.

SEASONS: From July 14 to March 31. Best hunting is in October, November, December and March.

BEST HUNTING AREAS: Bays and estuaries along coasts; inland lakes and rivers. Recommended are Dombes (in Ain) and La Camargue marshlands (south coast near Marseille); Bordeaux; Loire-Inférieure (near Nantes); the chateau region; Sologne; the bays of the Somme and Seine rivers; and the island of Corsica. Only the coastal hunting grounds are open to the public. All inland territory is privately owned, but visiting sportsmen can hunt in any village along the coast and find good sport.

Spain

Here again a personal invitation from a landowner or lessee of one of the public shooting areas is generally needed to hunt. A hunting license and a police permit to possess dangerous weapons are technically required but not strictly necessary if you are duly accredited by your host and properly identified otherwise. Most hunters in Spain are equipped with ample firearms supplies and can usually supply their guests with guns.

Hunters without contacts may obtain assistance through Max Borrell, Technical Advisor on Sport, Medinaceli 2, Madrid.

SEASONS: In general, October through February.

BEST HUNTING AREAS: are the rice-rich Valencia area and along rivers. Public preserves are at Laguna de la Albufera, near Valencia; Laguna del Mar Menor (near Murcia); and San Simon Bay (off Vigo).

OF GREEKS— AND RUSSIANS

by ROBERT CREAMER

WHEN AVERY BRUNDAGE, the intractable, uncompromising, often tactless and undiplomatic Chicagoan who had been head of the U.S. Olympic Association for 23 years, was elected president of the International Olympic Committee in Helsinki in 1952, he reached the absolute pinnacle of his remarkable career in athletic officialdom. The International Olympic Committee—or *Comité International Olympique*, to give it its formal name—is the most important and most influential sports governing body in the world—the proprietor, so to speak, of the Olympic Games.

It is therefore no exaggeration to say that the president of the IOC is the most powerful man in sport. He gives advice to this international group and presides at its meetings. He appoints members of its executive committee and guides that potent body in its deliberations. He wields great influence over the entire organization of international sport through his decisions, his counseling letters, his public statements. He holds his office for eight years, and there is ample precedent for re-election. In the 82-year history of the IOC only three men other than Brundage have held the office, and one of these was the patron saint of the Olympic movement, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who conceived the idea of the modern Olympics, was instrumental in the organization, execution and success of the first Games at Athens in 1896 and almost singlehandedly kept the Olympic idea alive through its shaky early years.

For the IOC to entrust this vital office to Avery Brundage was a tremen-

Sport was a virtue in ancient Greece, an ideal to make men better. That's still the basic idea of the Olympic Games, says the blunt Mr. Brundage, and the big reason why the Russians are accepted in the Games today

dous compliment to his integrity, for the job, dealing as it often does with ticklish matters of national pride and international jealousy, might well have gone to a quiet moderate from some pleasantly innocuous "small" country rather than a controversial, outspoken American. But Brundage, who looks, as someone once said, like Oliver Cromwell's idea of God, righteous and inflexible, was the man the IOC wanted.

AT HOME IN THE IOC

Their decision does not seem to have awed Brundage. An extraordinarily self-possessed and confident man, he is very much at home as president of the IOC and absolutely sure of his ability to be both correct and impartial.

"When I used to represent the U.S. at meetings of the International Amateur Athletic Federation," he said recently in his office in Chicago's La Salle Hotel before leaving for the Winter Games in Italy, "I was out to get all I could for the U.S. All right. But in the International Olympic Committee I am not a representative of the U.S. I represent the International Olympic Committee in the United States. It's not like the U.N., where each country is a member. In our committee individuals are members, not countries. A country doesn't elect its members to the committee. The committee elects a member from the country."

Brundage sat up straight behind his desk, intent on making the distinction clearly understood.

"As a member of the committee, my first allegiance is to a principle—the principle of the Olympic movement as

stated by the Baron de Coubertin 60 years ago. Members of the committee cannot be pre-instructed by their countries. We are all dedicated to a principle and an idea."

Brundage sat back and folded his hands over his abdomen.

"Now," he said, "the principle, the idea, is simply this: that sport, in addition to building strong and healthy bodies and developing a man's character—his self-control, poise, perseverance and so on—has definite moral virtue. Fair play and good sportsmanship are an integral part of sport, and what are they? They're no more nor less than an expression of the Golden Rule."

"Well, The Baron de Coubertin saw this. And he was certain that if the youth of the world could be brought together in sport there could be no better way to promote mutual respect and understanding."

"Sport, in other words, is a valuable and desirable part of life. The Greeks knew this. Their culture was well rounded. Athletes met philosophers, dramatists, poets, sculptors on a common ground. Plato, the great thinker, was a great athlete."

Brundage's face grew almost reverent. He waved an arm.

"There. There you had the ideal of a sound mind in a sound body."

He thought briefly about Plato.

"All right," he said, coming back to the subject. "The Olympic Games of Greece. They were idealistic, semi-religious and strictly amateur. The principle that prevailed was sport for the joy and value to be derived from sport."

"For many centuries, as long as they remained strictly amateur, they grew

in importance and significance. But what finally happened? Just what so often happens to a fine, simple idea: it gets overlaid with complications. That's what happened in Greece. Victory became more important than taking part. Cities tried to demonstrate their superiority over other cities. They established special training camps. They recruited athletes. They subsidized the best competitors. They gave special prizes and awards, all sorts of inducements. Winners were even given pensions for life. What happened? The Games degenerated, they lost their purity, their simplicity, their idealism. And they were finally abolished.

"Well!" he said, raising his voice. "That's a warning. Keep politics out of the Olympics! Keep professionalism out!"

"These people who say the Olympics should have open competition, let the professionals compete—they don't know what they're talking about. If you do that, if you open the Olympics to professional athletes, the Olympics won't last 10 minutes. Professionals! It's alien to the basic idea of the Olympic movement."

"The same thing applies to broken time. What is broken time? It's payment to athletes for time lost from work while they are competing in sports. Well, if they get paid, they're professionals; those are the rules. But now the argument is: change the rules."

"Now," he said. "A young man is a great athlete and he represents his country in the Olympic Games. Should he receive reimbursement for the salary he loses? Well, he may be taken away from his work half a dozen times a year to defend his country's honor or his city's or his club's. If you pay a man for participating in the Olympic Games, why shouldn't you pay him for competing in international championships or national championships or regional championships or local championships, or any other event?"

"The minute a thing of this kind is started there would be no stopping it. The door would be open to a thousand abuses. Hungary tried it with soccer players, back in the 1920s. First they received payment for time lost in international competition. Then for national competition. Then for all competition. Then for time spent in training. Finally it became too complicated to calculate, so a lump sum was paid every month. Broken-time pay became a regular salary. For amateur athletes!"

"We have enough abuses as it is. Take the practice in the AAU of let-



AN EMPHATIC BRUNDAGE FINGER points to an article on Soviet sports in a Russian paper. Brundage says Red sport program is tremendous, covers all of U.S.S.R.

ting industrial basketball teams compete in amateur tournaments. Why, at the world basketball championships in Buenos Aires in 1950 the American team was the Denver Chevrolets. They played with the name *Chevrolet* written across their shirts!"

Brundage smiled grimly.

"Well, they lost. And it served them right. But I was engaged in one of my customary campaigns for pure amateurism in sport at the time, and don't think the other countries didn't ask me about that! And don't think I haven't let the AAU know how I feel on the subject!"

OF ARMY AND STATE

"And there's the Army. For 30 years we tried unsuccessfully to get the Army to establish a sports program. Now they finally have one. And it looks as if they've gone overboard on it. Special camps. Special training. Exactly what we're accusing the Russians of doing."

"The State Department sponsors tours of our athletes to other countries. This sounds all right, on the surface.

But what is it if it isn't using amateur athletes for political purposes? That is another thing we accuse the Russians of doing."

"We hear all sorts of criticism of Soviet athletes. That they are paid. That the top stars get soft berths in the army and spend all their time in training, and that's why they're so good. That may well be. But if it is, it still isn't the answer. It isn't the reason why the Soviet has done so well in international competition. No. You've got to look further than that."

"The Communists have a vast national sport program that extends into every part of the Soviet Union. When I was there two summers ago I saw a district volley ball tournament in which 300 teams were entered. I was told that there were 60,000 soccer teams in the Ukraine alone."

"It's a huge program. Facilities for sport are everywhere, and everyone takes part. The shame of it is, they're doing just what we've been preaching for the past 30 or 40 years."

continued on next page

He picked up a paper that discussed the Soviet sport program.

"Here: the strong, brave and energetic builders of Communism. The training of youth. That could be taken from a recommendation of the International Olympic Committee: promote training of youth. They do it. The Germans did the same thing under the Nazis. And there's the shame of it. We've let the totalitarian countries take over sport. They know its value. And they get stronger and stronger while we get softer and softer."

Brundage glowered from behind his desk. Then he went on.

"Now. The question is: are they using athletics to foster Communism? Well, certainly. It's too bad, but we can't prevent them from doing that. We can't question their motives. We can question their methods, but their methods appear to be perfectly legitimate. And very impressive. When I was in Moscow I witnessed their annual Sports Parade. I never saw anything like it. It lasted for five hours. It was almost frightening. I was told there were 34,000 boys and girls in the parade, from all over the Soviet Union.

"Well, now, we're told that the Communists force participation in sports. But those boys and girls I saw in Moscow. Do you think they were forced to participate? I saw them. Their faces were happy. They weren't being forced. They were having a wonderful time. Don't you think a boy or girl in the Uzbek or some Soviet republic in central Asia wants to go to Moscow? That's a big thing, the biggest thing in their lives. They work hard, they put everything they have into it. After all, they lead a drab, grim life. Sport is a great outlet for them, a great opportunity to express themselves.

"Now. The question keeps coming up: aren't their athletes really professional? Don't they spend all their time training in special camps? Aren't they subsidized by the state?"

His face was serious.

"Well," he said, "they say they're not. They say they're just like athletes every place else. They train in their spare time. They say they don't have special camps, except as allowed by the rules. I asked about some of these fellows in the army. A great athlete seems to get promoted all the time. What about that? Well, they say, this man is a great athlete but he is also a good soldier. He does his job well. He deserves his promotion.

"They used to give cash prizes to athletes in Russia. They had to stop that. And they did. They said they did. They say they follow all the amateur rules. Their Olympic Committee says they do, and we have to take the word of their Olympic Committee. Just as we take the word of the American Olympic Committee when we ask about American athletes."

He waved his hand.

"Maybe some of their best athletes do get special benefits. But I saw no evidence of it. And I don't think they do. I don't think they do. If they do, I wonder if it's any more than what goes on here, right in our own country?"

He lifted his hand in a gesture of disgust.

"You should read the European papers on that score. We're severely criticized, very severely criticized, and often with complete justification."

NO REST FOR THE VICTOR

He returned to the Russians.

"But I doubt if there's much of that in Russia. There are so many good young athletes that a star simply can't rest on his laurels. They're in a stage of development that's similar in a way to things in Chicago when I was competing, 40 or 50 years ago. We were so eager for competition that we'd ride our bikes or walk out into the suburbs looking for meets to enter.

"Well, they're eager for competition over there, and they get plenty of it. That's why they keep coming up with such great performances.

"This isn't a new program, you know. It's been going on since the '30s. After the war they had progressed to a point where they decided to enter international competition."

His face lighted with an amused smile.

"They told the international sports federations, like the IAAF, they would like to join—but. And they added a list of conditions."

He chuckled.

"I guess they always have conditions. And I think they get away with them most of the time. But they didn't in sport.

"They said Russia had to be one of the official languages. The board of directors would have to include a Russian. And throw out Fascist Spain. Well, they were told: you may join if you subscribe to the rules. But as for your conditions—about making Russian an official language: no. Not now. About having a Russian on the board: no. Join, and later perhaps someone will be elected. As for Fascist Spain,

so called: no. Spain is a member, an old member, a member in good standing. Membership is not based on politics.

"They protested: You have an American on the board of the IAAF, and that would be unfair to Russia. Well, they were told: You're damn lucky to have an American, because he'll lean over backward to be fair. But no more than that. No more than fair.

"Well, they joined, and without conditions. When they appeared before the International Olympic Committee in 1951 they said, we have read your rules, we like your rules, we subscribe to your rules. We ask for recognition.

"There were two points of view at that meeting. One held that the Communists had no concept of either sportsmanship or amateurism, that they couldn't be trusted and that they should be excluded. The other said they will learn and perhaps some good will result if they compete with the rest of the world. And in any event Olympic rules forbid political discrimination. So the Russians were accepted. We thought maybe in the long run it would do some good. Maybe it will."

Brundage snorted.

"These smart alecks who say the Olympic Games should be abolished because all they cause is trouble. They don't know what they're talking about. The fact that every renewal of the Olympic Games is bigger, and the participants more enthusiastic, proves their popularity and their worth.

"You have no idea how much the Olympic movement means all over the world. The prestige it commands."

Brundage picked up a press clipping from his desk and waved it back and forth emphatically. "Here," he said. "One of the most perplexing political problems in the world is the question of the reunification of Germany. Well, now. After the war we recognized a West German group as the German Olympic Committee. They were the ones we had known before the war. All right. Then the East Germans asked for recognition, so that they could send an East German team to the Olympic Games. We said no. There's only one Germany. There should be only one team. Well, they said, you claim the youth of the world should have the chance to participate in the Olympic Games. Yet you bar us. Well, they had a good argument. We said, get together with the West! Work out an agreement. And they did! Oh, there were delays and difficulties, but it worked out. And in the Winter Games

continued on page 55



BOATS AND BRONZE

The classic shapes of the bronze fittings displayed at the big boat shows have developed from centuries of improvisation aboard the ships of the world

AMID the wonderful clutter of boats and accessories on the annual Boston-New York-Chicago-San Francisco boat show circuit, perhaps the most fascinating items are the bronze fittings like the wheel shown above. Each fitting was designed for one specific job, and for that job each fitting is perfect. So perfect, in fact, and so related to the sea that some have become singularly handsome symbols of

watery adventure. The sextant, for example, or the binnacle could hardly be taken for anything but what it is, and could not sensibly be used for any other purpose. Among the few exceptions to this rule of single purpose, shown on page 35, are the belaying pin, used on old sailing ships for securing lines and cracking skulls, and the fid, used on modern sailing ships for splicing line and cracking cocktail ice.



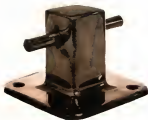
Fog bell, rung at anchor as warning, varies in size with boat. Hence, bell's tone suggests dimensions of unseen vessel. Bell costs \$22



Kerosene anchor light (\$8.50), which must be hoisted above deck of ship anchored at night, is designed to keep burning in hurricane winds



Triple-sheave mainsheet block (\$27-175) fits onto main boom of large boats, gives six-to-one mechanical advantage in hauling in sail



Bronze bitt, fastened firmly to deck by screws, is used to secure spring lines or stern lines leading from the ship to the dock, costs \$5.75



Folding propeller for auxiliaries opens (above) when engine is turning, folds back to cut water resistance when motor is off. Price: \$105-124



Kerosene gimbal lamp (\$22), still useful in these days of electricity, is mounted on twin swivels and stays upright in roughest weather



Jib furling gear (565-170), mounted at foot of jib, has wire leading aft. By pulling on wire, yachtmen in cockpit can wrap jib around stay



Italian sextant, handmade by European craftsmen, is example of workmanship that goes into this traditional navigator's aid. Price: \$250



Binnacle with glass and bronze housing and night light is marine classic that has been on ships for generations. Present-day cost: \$187.50



Snatch block (\$14-44 per pair) is popular as deck lead for genoa sheets. Hinged opening at top avoids necessity of rearing through entire line



Halyard headboard block (525-82), nicknamed stormy weather block, fastens onto head of mainsail, gives extra boost in hoisting of sail



Fid (top) costs \$5, is used to open strands of line for splicing. Belaying pin (\$4) fits into wooden rail as securing point for running gear



Bronze searchlight is dressed-up yachtsman's version of 1,000-watt light with one-mile beam used on many commercial boats. Price: \$181



Two-speed genoa winch, nicknamed a coffee grinder, is mounted aft as an aid for hauling in large headsails in strong winds, costs \$350



Roller-reefing gooseneck (\$100-275) fits end of boom. Sail may be shortened by attaching and turning the handle, wrapping sail around boom



Five-bladed propeller (\$70-114) reduces vibration and stern rattle of conventional two- or three-bladed props, may add two knots speed



"CLAPHAM COMMON" by Daphne Chart, included in a London exhibition of football art, is movie of action and color seen through grid screen.



"CAPTAIN, SUPPORTER, MASCOT" from colorful painting by Janice Holland.

SPORT IN ART

HEARTY GAME

Soccer, a universal sport, inspires some fine paintings

Soccer, more properly called association football and the game more universally played than any other, is to England what baseball is to the United States. The annual Football Association Cup playoff in the spring is as great an event as our World Series. It practically paralyzes the nation for a day, and crowds of 100,000 fans are not unusual. Last year the British spent £74,000,000 on football pools, a weekly excitement that is legally indulged in by most of the population. To celebrate a long and hearty life the Football Association, granddaddy of the game, last year sponsored a fine arts competition. On these pages are shown a few of the entries, portraying soccer's more decorative aspects as seen by some English contemporary artists.





"WINTER EVENING" by Fred Uhlman conveys the feel of crisp air and the gentle shades of evening sky as darkness falls on the village common and the young men at their game.



"**CRAVEN COTTAGE**," a large soccer field in the London area, is glimpsed in this angled view, painted by M. B. Critchlow, of tense action and packed stands in a professional game.

ENGLAND'S OLD MAN STANLEY

At 41, Stanley Matthews is British soccer's greatest star. He has the looks of an insurance clerk and is a genius who eschews scoring goals

INTEMPERATE Englishmen who are wont to view with alarm the warm American penchant for sporting spectacles might do well the next time they are inspired to set thought to paper to have a close look around themselves in the home country. They would probably be amazed.

Take, for instance, the case of Stanley Matthews. Few Americans have ever heard of Stanley Matthews, but in 1938 when the bandy-legged 150-pound soccer player asked the directors of the Stoke City Club of the English Football League for a transfer, he caused such a furor that one newspaper remarked seriously, "There has been no news to compare with this in public interest since the abdication."

The uproar was fantastic. Regarded in England with the same awe Americans might tender to a Red Grange and Sammy Baugh combined, Matthews was forced into hiding. The directors held emergency meetings, seven leading industrialists warned that discontent among the workers was seriously affecting production, and more than 3,000 people jammed King's Hall for a "Retain Stanley Matthews" meeting while another 1,000 milled in the streets. Matthews stayed with Stoke, but in 1947, at the ripe old age of 32, he was finally sold to Blackpool, his days of prime usefulness supposedly behind him. It was a terrible move. If possible, Matthews has been greater with Blackpool than ever he was with Stoke City. This year, at 41, he again leads his team in the thick of the fight for the First Division championship.

For an athlete, Matthews is dangerously deceptive. With his slight build, his thinning hair and his painfully retiring nature off the field, he comes

close to filling the classic specifications of a home-appliance salesman or an insurance adjuster.

Yet he plays every minute of the 90-minute game, in which there are no time-outs and no substitutions, and has done this in approximately 1,000 league games since he broke in as a professional 23 years ago. He was 16 then. Matthews has played in nearly 70 international matches for England, and after the 6-3 loss at the hands of Hungary in 1953 (one of England's few defeats in international competition) he was acclaimed by Jozsef Bozsik, the Hungarian star, the "greatest outside right in the world."

SUPREME FAKER

Matthews can control a soccer ball as though it were nailed to his boot. He is rarely off balance and is remarkably fast for short bursts of 10 or 20 yards. He paralyzes opponents by dribbling boldly up to them, turning his right foot in as though he is going to take the ball inside, and then tapping it instead with the instep of his left foot so that he is off and away. Occasionally he plays right through an opponent's legs. The only real defense against him is to keep the ball away from Matthews entirely.

Oddly enough, Matthews is not a scorer. It is doubtful if he has as eraged five goals a year since joining Blackpool. He prefers to stay outside and pass to the inside man, a maneuver that makes him a master at "centering" the ball, or laying it up in front of goalmouth for a teammate's shot.

In 1938, for example, in a game against Ireland, Matthews gave one of the most spectacular performances ever seen on a football field. He set



INTENT MATTHEWS SETS OUT AFTER BALL

up five goals on five perfect passes to Willie Hall to establish a record for England in an international match. Matthews scored once himself in the 7-0 win. He was so good that day that one of the Irish brags finally yelled at him: "If you bring that hall near me once more, Stan, I'll wring your neck."

Three years ago Matthews led Blackpool into the Challenge Cup final at Wembley against the Bolton Wanderers, and on this day turned from mere brilliance to genius.

Midway through the second half, Bolton led 3-1. Then Matthews started calling for the ball. Taking a pass, he lofted a high, feathery center which the Bolton goalkeeper tried desperately to grab and missed. Blackpool's center forward stabbed it into the net.

For the rest of the period Matthews staged setup after setup, but his teammates missed horrendously. A penalty kick finally tied the score, and then with only minutes to go, Matthews dribbled swiftly up to a defender, shoved him the ball and, for the first time in the afternoon, took it past him on the inside. Racing on toward the goal line, he sent a perfect pass diagonally back to a teammate in front of the goal, and it was all over, 4-3.

It was certainly one of the greatest cup finals ever played, and an athlete has seldom received the ovation Matthews got when the Queen presented him with his cup winner's medal. Only a Cockney dissented.

"Winner's medal?" he snorted. "They ought to give 'im the blinkin' cup!"

END

OLYMPIC SCOREBOARD

RECORD BREAKERS

Evgeny Grishin, long-sliding Russian speed skater, set new world and Olympic record of 40.2 in 500-meter sprint. Runners-up: Rafael Gratch, Russia, silver medal for second; Alv Gjestvang, Norway, bronze for third. Certificates: former record-holder Juri Sergeiev, Russia, fourth; Toivo Salonen, Finland, fifth; Bill Carow, U.S., sixth.

Baris Shilov, already world record-holder in 5,000-meter speed skating, set new Olympic mark of 7:48.7 for distance to win Russia's third gold medal. Silver medal: Sigge Ericsson of Sweden. Bronze: Oleg Goncharenko, Russia. Certificates: William De Graaf, Holland, fourth; Kees Broekman, Holland, fifth; Ronald Aas, Norway, sixth.

Evgeny Grishin won second gold medal, set second world record of Games by skating impossible dead heat over 1,500-meter course with countryman Yuri Mikhailov. Time for each—2:05.6. Bronze medalist: Toivo Salonen, Finland, fourth; Robert Mervulov, U.S.S.R., fifth; Sigge Ericsson, Sweden, sixth.

ALPINE SKIING

Germany won her first gold medal of Winter Olympics when **Gerd Reichert**, brunette café manager from Berlin, whipped through finish gate in 1:56.5 to win women's giant slalom. Other medalists: Putzi Frandl, Austria, silver medal for second; Dorothea Hochleitner, Austria, bronze for third. Certificates: Andrea Mead Lawrence of U.S. (defending champion) and Madeleine Berthod, Switzerland, tied for fourth; Lucille Wheeler, Canada, sixth.

Teo Stalter, black-haired ace of powerful Austrian squad, outclassed entire field in men's giant slalom with time of 3:00.1 over 7,760-foot course. Second in 3:06.3: Anderl Molterer, Austria, silver medal. Third: Walter Schuster, Austria, bronze. Certificates: Adrien Duvallard, France, fourth; Charles Boxon, France, fifth; Ernst Hinterseer, Austria, sixth.

ICE HOCKEY

At end of preliminary round, Canada (3-0), U.S.S.R. (2-0) and Czechoslovakia (2-0) emerged as top three teams. U.S., starting slowly with 4-3 loss to Czechs, made strong comeback, shutting out Poles 4-0, and still had outside chance to take gold medal. Canadians, heavily penalized by strict European rules on body checking, managed nonetheless to pile up 50 goals to opposition's one, including a 23-0 pasting of Austria. This performance made Canada favorite to win final round, with Russia biggest single threat. Austria, Poland, Switzerland, all with two losses and no victories, Italy with one loss, two ties, were already eliminated.



RUSSIANS EVGENY GRISHIN (RIGHT), RAFAEL GRATCH FINISHED ONE-TWO IN THE 500-METER



GERD REICHERT (RIGHT) BEAT ANDY MEAD



THEA HOCHLEITNER, AUSTRIA, WON BRONZE



GIACOMO CONTI AND LAMBERTO DALLA COSTA OF ITALY CELEBRATE RODED VICTORY

At the end of the first 16 events, Russia had taken four gold medals and had set three new Olympic speed-skating records

Renée Colliard, blue-eyed Swiss from Geneva, pulled second big upset of Winter Games by winning women's special slalom by 3.1 seconds over silver medalist Regina Schopf of Austria. Third, for bronze medal: Eugenie Sidorva, first Russian ever to place in Olympic alpine event. Certificates: Giuliana Minuzzo-Chenal, Italy; Putzi Frandl, Austria; Astrid Sandvik, Inger Bjørnbakken, Norway (tie).

BOBSLEDDING

Lamberto Dalla Costa of Italy upset countryman Eugenio Monti, prerace favorite, in two-man bobsled by registering total time of 5:39.14 in four heats over icy Cortina track. Monti, former Italian ski champion, took silver medal with time of 5:51.45. Bronze medal: Max Angeli, Switzerland. Certificates: Marquis de Portago, Spain, fourth; Waightman Bud Washbond, U.S., fifth; Art Tyler, U.S., sixth.

NORDIC SKIING

Lubor Koziseva, blonde student from Leningrad, became first Russian in history of Winter Games to win gold medal by taking women's 10-kilometer cross-country. Russia's first silver medalist: Rosa Erckma. Bronze medal: Sonja Edstrom, Sweden. Certificates: Alevatna Kalehina, Russia, fourth; Siiri Rantanen, Finland, fifth; Mirja Hietamies, Finland, sixth.

Veikko Hakalaenen of Finland, Olympic 50-kilometer cross-country champion in 1952, poled furiously over Cortina course to win 30-kilometer event in 1:44.08. Silver medal: Sixten Jernberg, Sweden. Bronze: Pavel Kolchukin, Russia. Certificates: Anatoli Sebeljakhin, Russia, fourth; Vladimir Kuvshin, Russia, fifth; Fiodor Terentiev, Russia, sixth.

Hålfred Brenden, Norwegian lumberjack, repeated 1932 victory in cross-country by covering 15-kilometer Cortina course in 49:59. Silver medal for second place: Sixten Jernberg, Sweden. Bronze medal for third: Pavel Kolchukin, Russia. Certificates: Veikko Hakalaenen, Finland, fourth; Hakon Bruvveen, Norway, fifth; Martin Stokken, Norway, sixth.

STANDINGS GOING INTO FINAL ROUND

Group A	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.	GP	GA
Canada	3	0	0	6	39	1
Germany	1	1	1	3	9	6
Group B						
Czechoslovakia	2	0	0	4	12	6
United States	1	1	0	2	7	4
Group C						
U.S.S.R.	2	0	0	4	15	6
Sweden	1	1	0	2	7	10
Preliminary matches: Italy 2—Austria 3, Canada 1—Germany 3, Czech 4—U.S. 3, Canada 25—Aust. 0, Italy 2—Germany 2, U.S.S.R. 5—Sweden 1, U.S. 4—Poland 0, Sweden 6—Switz. 5, Canada 8—Italy 1 Czech. 2—Poland 3, Germany 7—Aust. 0, U.S.S.R. 10—Switz. 3, Eliminated: Italy, Aust., Poland, Switz.						
First games in final round: U.S. 7—Germany 2, U.S.S.R. 4—Sweden 1.						



BOBIS SHILOV, U.S.S.R., WON 500-METER



HAYES JENNINGS, U.S., LUGO FIGURE SKATERS



U.S. BOBSLEDDERS PAT BIESIADIECKI (LEFT) AND DRIVER BUD WASHBOND FINISHED FIFTH



HAKALAENEN, FINLAND, WON 10-KILOMETER



TONI SAILER, AUSTRIA, WON GIANT SLALOM

THREE FOR TRACK

by ROY TERRELL

THE UNITED STATES has been singularly blessed down through the years with track athletes able to resist the ravages of wear and tear and time; runners and jumpers and weight men who could compete—and win—in one Olympic Games and four years later return to compete—and perhaps win—again. How pleasant it is to consider, for example, such polished old champions as Harrison Dillard, Bob Richards, Mal Whitfield, Andy Stanfield and Parry O'Brien and know that, in Melbourne in November, they will once again be on your side.

But Olympic teams and Olympic hopes are built even more on the exciting talent of great young men and in this, too, the United States has been more than fortunate. The year 1955 produced Arnie Sowell, Charles Jenkins, Bobby Morrow and Don Bragg. Now 1956 promises to be even better; already, with the indoor season just begun and the big outdoor meets still months away, the track world has discovered Phil Reavis, David Sime and Lee Calhoun. The three names are good ones to remember; they may appear again on the passenger list of a ship bound for Melbourne in the fall.

Reavis is a 19-year-old Villanova sophomore from Somerville, Mass. In high school he once cleared 6 feet 6 inches; as a college freshman he did 6 feet 7½. But this, the experts were willing to bet, was as high as he could go; Phil Reavis is only 5 feet 9½ inches tall and 5-foot-9½ jumpers just do not go around threatening world records which, these days, is almost a prerequisite to a berth on the Olympic team. That, however, was some weeks ago. Today the 135-pound Negro has cleared up at the Massachusetts K. of C., *Philadelphia Inquirer* and Boston A.A. games by jumping, on successive weekends, heights of 6 feet 9¼ inches, 6 feet 10 and 6 feet 9. The first earned Reavis the meet's outstanding-athlete award; the second set a meet record; the third gained the youngster a tie with the man generally acknowledged No. 1 among the world's current high jumpers, Ernie Shelton of southern California.

The secret of Reavis' success is really no secret at all, but something

every good high jumper must have—tremendous leg spring. Reavis has it in phenomenal quantities. "The greatest I've ever seen," says Charles Holding, the former East Texas star. "I saw Reavis jump last year and even then he could get up—which is the most important thing. Now he has learned to get across the bar, too."

Sime has been even more spectacular (SI, Jan. 30). For one thing, while Reavis was known for his schoolboy track feats, Sime hardly touched the sport back home in Fair Lawn, N.J. He was a baseball player with enough right-hand power to attract major league scouts and, having also attracted a scholarship from Duke, headed South to play baseball. But one day Sime was clocked going to first base. The time: 3.3 seconds (Mickey Mantle of the Yankees, hitting from the left side of the plate, was once timed in 3.4). So Sime found himself a member of both the baseball and track squads last spring and once he began to run, no one could catch this redheaded 18-year-old with the smooth, powerful stride. He went undefeated as a freshman and this winter received an invitation to the *Washington Evening Star* meet.

What happened there was a revelation. Now grown up to 6 feet 2 inches and 185 pounds, Sime beat two famed sprint champions (Andy Stanfield, Olympic 200 meters; Rod Richard, Pan-American 100 and 200) in a series of three dashes at 70, 80 and 100 yards. His time for the 100 was 9.5, the best ever recorded indoors.

Sime still plans to play baseball, but his coaches feel there won't be too much conflict. He'll enter two more eastern meets, the Millrose Games this weekend and the New York A.C. event, also at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11. After that he will run only in the Atlantic Coast Conference indoor meet Feb. 24 and then start getting ready for the big outdoor races.

In the sense that the others are 1956 discoveries, Calhoun is not—or at least not exactly. This 175-pound North Carolina College hurdler from Gary, Ind. won the *Evening Star* Games hurdle event as far back as 1953 and was second in the National AAU indoor meet. But then he went into the Army

A trio of record-setting young men with an eye on Melbourne has made the '56 indoor track season one of the best in years

and disappeared from view. Now, back in school, Calhoun has resumed his track career in earnest.

Already he has successfully passed the two big tests facing any hurdler: Harrison Dillard and the clock. Calhoun beat the ageless Olympic champion at 50 yards in a world-record-equaling 6 seconds at Philadelphia; the next night he romped home ahead of a Dillard-less field in 8.3 seconds for the Washington 70-yard race (also tying a world record). Saturday night at Boston he was scheduled to meet Dillard again but had to be content with just winning. This time he ran a tenth of a second off Dillard's meet record as Old Bones watched from the sidelines with an injured leg.

Now, although North Carolina College Coach L. T. Walker has entered the slender 22-year-old speedster in most of the remaining major indoor meets (including Saturday's Millrose Games where Calhoun will again share the spotlight with Reavis and Sime), the big target is the outdoor distance of 120 yards, the American equivalent of the Olympic 110 meters. Calhoun's best time for the event, made in the Army, is 14.3, which is good but not nearly good enough. But last year's times on Calhoun are like last year's shoes on a growing boy—they just don't fit any more. "We're working now to get into the 13s," says Walker, "because I think it's going to take 13.8 or 13.9 to get on that boat." END





TIMMS IS PLEASED BY HOGAN PLAY FROM ROUGH IN 1933 OPEN

THE WAYS OF A PERFECT CADDY

Mr. Cecil Timms of England has caddied for many of the top Americans. He is a man of modest mien but strong opinions

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

YOU can't really enumerate everything a caddy must attempt to do but there are a half-dozen things you would rank as the essentials." Cecil Timms was saying not long ago in his earnest English Midlands voice. "One; always make a point of not saying anything to your player until you're asked. Two: always keep his clubs clean—wipe them off after every shot. Three: always, after he's hit, get to the ball as fast as you can and cover it so that the gallery can't disturb it. Four: study the shot before your player arrives—the lie, the turf, the wind, the target. Have your opinion clearly formed in the event your man requests your advice. Five: if you are caddying for a player for the first time, study his game closely. You should be able to club him correctly after four or five holes. Six: you must know the course. Most new courses require at least three or four days. St. Andrews, naturally, takes longer."

Cecil Timms is a very good man to listen to on this subject, for if the once proud but now moribund profession of caddying possesses a Sneed or a Hogan, he is the boy. A native of Loughborough, a village near Stratford, Timms at 39 is a tall strapping fellow who started caddying at seven and gradually drifted into a unique split career: during the winter seasons he played professional soccer, and during the spring and summer he followed the British golf circuit as a professional caddy. He made his debut in the British Open in 1935 and with the exception of the 1950 Open, he has never missed a British Open or British Amateur. He probably will now, for this autumn he came to the United States "to learn all I can about golf and golf shops, because, you know, I shan't be a tournament caddy forever." Timms arrived with nothing but a small valise

and his reputation. Thanks to the active interest of Claude Harmon, that old helping hand, and of Harry Cooper, whose father came from Stratford, he found work immediately and is currently caddying and helping in the pro shop in Danedio, Fla.

Timms's fame as a caddy first began to take on international dimensions in 1951 when he caddied for Dick Chapman when Dick finally won the British Amateur at Portcawl, and the next year in the French Amateur. In 1953 he was Hogan's caddy when Ben scored his monumental victory in the British Open at Carnoustie. In '54 Timms had his second Open winner in a row, young Peter Thomson of Australia.

"Each player you work with has a different personality," Timms says. "I got along nicely with Billy Joe Patton. He has a lot upstairs, as we English say. He likes to chat as he plays and I'm happier, I admit, if my man is not too unconvivial, you know. Dick Chapman—now. Mr. Chapman was wonderful for me. He positively enjoys thinking over and talking over every shot, and you really feel that you're a part of the team. Mr. Hogan was by far the quietest of the Americans I've worked for, but I'd say we got along quite nicely too. You see, it all depends on the man. You take your cue from his temperament. I used to caddy in all our big events for Gerald Micklem, one of our best amateurs. He is very serious about his golf, as the French say. Ooh—I shall never forget the look Mr. Micklem gave me last May when I was caddying for Mr. Patton in the Walker Cup foursomes against Mr. Micklem. I think it was on the fourth fairway that our paths first crossed. Mr. Micklem—he was playing very badly—peered at me with an expression that was both hard and wounded, as if to say, 'Deserter!' As the Scots would

put it, it was a very dour look." Timms says "Mister" often, but he is no Galsworthy-type retainer. He is treated with genuine respect by just about everyone in golf.

Timms became Hogan's caddy in the 1953 British Open by paying a call on Ben the day Hogan arrived at Carnoustie. Ben agreed to give him a trial. They proved to be a good team, especially when you take into account that Timms is used to being asked for plenty of advice, and Hogan is a person of majestic self-reliance.

"Mr. Hogan needed very little assistance at Carnoustie," Timms was recalling not long ago, "but I do think I helped a bit, especially on the last round. On the second hole—it's about 442 yards long—we got home comfortably on the morning round with a six-iron on the second shot. Mr. Hogan smashed out another beautiful drive there in the afternoon, but the wind had shifted around a good deal. It was blowing more against us and it was puffy in a very deceptive way. I looked over the shot we had left to the green, and for the life of me, it looked like a two-iron. I looked it over again. It still seemed like a two. When Mr. Hogan arrived and studied the shot, he was quite puzzled too. 'What do you think?' he asked. 'It's a two,' I said. Mr. Hogan said he felt it couldn't be anything more than a four, since he had played a six in the morning. 'I still think it's a two, a three at the least,' I said when he looked over to me again. 'But it's a two and a full two.'"

"Mr. Hogan took the two-iron and he played a magnificent shot. It finished about 18 feet from the hole. That call was one of the hardest I've ever faced. I don't want to blow my own horn, as you Americans say, but I think that was probably the best club I've ever called." (END)

HERO WORSHIP HARNESSED

**Stars turn to evangelism and score
hit with admirers at rally in Denver**

THE ALL-STAR lineup at Denver included George Kell of the Chicago White Sox, Vernon Law of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Robin Roberts of the Phillies and Carl Erskine of the Brooklyn Dodgers. From professional football came Dan Towler of the Los Angeles Rams and Adrian Burk of the Philadelphia Eagles. For this occasion they were all on the same team. But none of their athletic skills were called for. The stars were exhibiting what they considered to be the least of their talents: public speaking before audiences of high school and college students in the first of a new series of rallies sponsored by the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

None of the stars ever hore down harder. They made appearances at Denver University, at North, South, Manual and Aurora high schools, addressed a Sunday School class, a boosters' club luncheon, visited the Air Force Academy and the University of Colorado at Boulder. Their smallest audience numbered 30, their largest 2,000. The theme of all the talks was, "Go to the church of your choice." Sometimes the athletes got tangled up in their own words, but their sincerity won them their listeners as few polished speakers could have done.

Palmer Hoyt, publisher of the *Denver Post*, was so impressed that he gave \$1,000 and invited the team to speak to his editorial staff, later declared: "I consider this a frontal attack on juvenile delinquency."

For a slender, quiet-spoken young man named Don McClanen, balking at 30, the rally was a dream come true. For the whole idea of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes is his. "It occurred to me," he recalls, "that nearly everybody was capitalizing on the well-known social phenomenon of hero worship. I knew that if guys like Otto Graham or Bob Feller told kids to eat a certain kind of cereal, the kids ate that kind of cereal. I wondered why, if sports stars could endorse breakfast foods, cigarettes or sportswear, they couldn't endorse Christianity."

In March 1954, when he was coaching basketball at Eastern Oklahoma A&M, McClanen wrote to 19 leading sports figures about his idea. The response was enthusiastic. Branch Rickey got Pittsburgh businessmen to underwrite a year's expenses for the FCA. Alonzo Stagg, Tom Harmon, Bud Wilkinson, Bob Mathias, Alvin Dark, Bob Davenport, Pepper Martin and Bob Richards volunteered their services. Don McClanen resigned as coach to become full-time executive director of FCA.

Other rallies are scheduled for Houston (Feb. 5-6) and for Lincoln, Neb. sometime in March. Meanwhile, a motion picture has been completed and will be shown in schools and on television to keep the fellowship campaign rolling.



ROBIN ROBERTS OF PHILLIES WAITS FOR HIS TURN TO SPEAK AT

ERSKINE SHOWS A HIGH SCHOOL CATCHER HOW TO GIVE SIGNALS





DEACON DAN TOWLER OF THE LOS ANGELES RAMS GETS RAFT ATTENTION OF A TEEN-AGE AUDIENCE IN AURORA HIGH SCHOOL GYM

GEORGE HELL OF THE WHITE SOX TAKES A HANDOFF FROM A CABET OF THE AIR FORCE ACADEMY DURING A LUNCHEON MEETING HELD THERE



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FCA RALLY *continued*

'I DON'T PRAY TO WIN'

Big league baseball and professional football stars at youth rally in Denver speak of spiritual life in terms of the games they know best



CARL ERSKINE

I have found that growing spiritually is much the same as growing physically or mentally. When we start spring training in Florida I must discipline myself to do certain physical tasks—so much running, throwing, sleeping, eating, etc. Similarly I have found I must discipline myself if I expect to grow and mature in the realm of the spiritual. The church is the training camp of the Christian, and the clergyman is the manager who directs us in our work and play. . . .

DAN TOWLER

I have a God-given opportunity to point out to young people the guide posts to a better way. I have this God-given opportunity to make up for my own mistakes, wrong turns and wasted years. If I can make contact with one kid and save him from my mistakes, save him from making that wrong turn, save him even one wasted moment, I will be proud of my association with this fellowship. . . . It feels good to be on a team where everyone is a star. . . .



ADRIAN BURK

If you have ever gone out on a playing field and had 30,000 people boo you, you know what I mean when I say that is when I draw on my religion. That's also when I sometimes lose it for a moment . . . I don't pray to win. I don't believe in that. I pray to do my best. . . . I pray to be more in God's character, to be more like He would like me to be. It helps me. It will help you. Try it.



GEORGE KELL

The newspapers stress the scandals and rough play in athletics. We at FCA are here to show the other side of sports. In professional baseball the strain and stress of daily competition on the athletic field is unusually great. I look to Christ to help carry that extra load. I get waves for endorsing razor blades; what I get for endorsing the Lord is a lot more meaningful.



ROBIN ROBERTS

In the long history of organized baseball I stand unparalleled for putting Christianity into practice. . . . Last season I gave up an all-time major league record of 41 home runs. No one has ever been so good to opposing batmen. And to prove I was not prejudiced, I served up home run balls to Negroes, Italians, Jews, Catholics alike. Race, creed, nationality made no difference to me. . . .




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JULIUS AND THE BEANSTALK

Nor managers nor promoters nor status quaters of the press
stayed the APPPFF's hero from his conquest of boxing's ogre

by BUDD SCHULBERG

THEY SAY it's only in fairy tales that the good little boys fight the giants and the dragons and the witches and come out on top. It's strictly in fairy tales that virtue, as Harry Balogh would say, emerges victorious, and the evil spirits and Frankie Carbo get it in the end.

Well, the APPPFF, your old Association for the Protection of Poor Put-upon Fight Fans (SI, Nov. 29, 1964), has got a hot fairy tale on its hands and is ready, in these investigating days, to put it into the record.

Once upon a time there was—and, thank goodness, still is—a good little boxing commissioner by the name of Julius. He tossed into his garden a few seeds of honest doubt as to just how legitimate this ancient game of boxing really was. There was fertilizer aplenty, for, after all, this was the great uncleaned barn of professional sport. As a specialist who has harvested his share of murderers and racketeers, Julius was an old hand at planting seeds and seeing them sprout and branch out into indictments and convictions.

When Julius looked out of his boxing commission office window he was delighted to see a beanstalk that reached up and up through clouds of managerial resentment and IBC resistance—and into what strange world it penetrated Julius could only wonder. But one thing you could say for Julius, he was very inquisitive. There had been boxing commissioners before him who had sprinkled seeds of doubt which had burst forth into giant stalks. But they always had been too timid to climb up the stalk and see where it might lead them.

But Julius was different. He liked to

get to the top of things, which is fairy-tale language for getting to the bottom of them. So he climbed and he climbed and he climbed. In Cauliflower Alley there were managers and promoters and even a few status quaters among the sportswriters who laughed at Julius and waited for him to fall off and land on his little investigation. But Julius held on tight and never stopped climbing until, high above a great cloud of cigar smoke, he came upon a castle. "Who's there?" cried a terrible voice from within the castle. "This is the kingdom of the boxing ogre. How dare you invade our domain? We got a boxing monopoly going, see, and we don't want nobody butting into our business."

"My name is Julius and I feel I have a right to know what's going on in there."

This answer was so surprising that the assistant giant guarding the door opened it a crack to see what kind of adventurer it was who dared to question the operation of the boxing ogre. Before the assistant giant could say, "You're wrecking the game," Julius had darted inside and had begun to look around.

"Look, I will level with youse," said the assistant giant. "The boxing ogre eats officials like you for breakfast. You'd better scam out of here before the boss finds you and—"

Just then a thunderous voice shook the castle walls. "Fee so fum fer—I smell the blood of a commissioner." It was the ogre, Frankie Ogre, also known as Carbo. The assistant giant was afraid Frankie would throw him out of the Guild for letting Julius slip into the castle. So he told the little intruder to hide in the stove.

WHAT ARE POOR PUT-UPON FIGHT FANS SAYING THIS WEEK? SEE P. 65

TRIALS AT PLUM CREEK

Though complete with pinks and derbies, this Colorado competition has a ruggedness all its own. In the hunt, the coyote is the quarry



SILVER PLUM CREEK CUPS BEST ON TABLE AWAITING AWARDS. TWO WERE WON BY MARVIN BEEMAN ON LAWRENCE PHIPPS'S HORSE PRINCESS

SCRAPEDLY MORE than a score of miles south of Denver, in the scrub oak and jack pine country of the Rocky Mountain foothills, the ladies and gentlemen shown here are gathered for the Plum Creek Hunter Trials. In dress, in purpose and in bearing they are all but identical with their fellows on the rolling meadowlands of Maryland or Ireland's emerald-green hills. But there is a difference, an important one—for this is the traditional sport of hunting to hounds in a modern, western style.

Blooded English hounds are available, bred at a nearby ranch, but trained for different game. Horses are here, but not the long-limbed Thoroughbred of Kentucky or Ireland's Tipperary. The coats are pink on the gentlemen, black and trim on the ladies beneath their derby hats and hunting

rugs, but Levis and Stetsons, like those in the picture above, are far more their accustomed garb. And the quarry which is hunted in these rugged hills is not the fox of old tradition but the wily and durable coyote. The Plum Creek Trials, and the Arapahoe Hunt which always follows it, are a true outgrowth of the Colorado hills and, like any of their eastern or European counterparts, they have their own tradition.

The present-day trials are the work of Reginald Sinclair, an Anglophile rancher who offers hospitality and elaborate facilities to enthusiasts in the area for a day of competition

Text continued on page 53

PAIRS PAIR for judging at conclusion of first event. Class was won by George and Marvin Beeman, a father-and-son combination.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY FOOKE



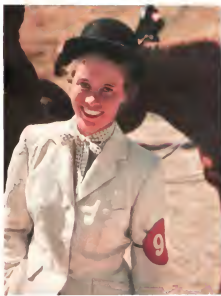


PLEASED PARTICIPANT 12-year-old Ellie Crockett, pulls at horse's unsweeled bridle after competing in event for juniors.



PROPER PARTICIPANT Wesley Spurry, in his Connachtian attire, pauses before mounting to study course posted on board before event.

RELAXED HUNTER Wesley Spurry watches other classes from top of hill. Spurry is a rancher from nearby Sedalia, Col.



HAPPY HUNTER Mrs. Ranger Rogers smiles after completing a tricky course in which some unusual field conditions were simulated.

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and a midday break for barbecue. Since 1948, the unofficial warmup for the official hunt season, the trials each year attract competitors and spectators from a sizable area to the 4,300-acre ranch.

Because of Colorado's rugged hunting conditions, the horses that appear at Plum Creek trials are not the fat, well-rounded, handsome conformation hunters often found east of the Mississippi. Most still have the look of a cow pony beneath their formal English tack; they are tough, non-Thoroughbred animals that have the stamina for long, long runs and that can jump handily out of tight spots.

Many of the riders who appear for the Plum Creek Trials are also members of the Arapahoe Hunt, founded in 1907, refounded in 1929 after interest had languished, and recognized by the Masters of Foxhounds Association in 1934. And the fact that it is not the fox but the coyote that is hunted lends a zest all its own to the affair.

"The coyote," explained Reginald Sinclair, "seems to have as good a time as we hunters. Coyotes take great delight in fooling the hounds when the scent is poor. They know just when that happens and they sit around waiting for the hounds to catch up. They know they can always lose them again."

Colorado is not the only place where coyotes are chased. The Mission Valley Hunt in Kansas City considers this animal its quarry, and the Bridlespur Hunt in Clayton, Mo. will set out happily after whichever scent first turns up, a fox or a coyote. Once this hunt ran into a deer unexpectedly but, before plans could be changed, the deer made its escape. The hounds were startled but not nearly as chagrined as those in the Arapahoe pack who were once sidetracked by a porcupine. It took a veterinarian and the combined efforts of all the staff to repair the damage of that encounter.

Even though an occasional stray animal may thus disrupt the hunt, the coyote chasers are high in praise of the sport. They point out that it is more challenging because coyotes often run in pairs—which makes things more difficult—and are bigger and faster than foxes. A coyote, they claim, can run indefinitely at 30 miles an hour; others credit him with even greater speed. "And," say the Colorado hunters, "it's not just that they are fast and rugged. The coyotes are used to being chased; they seem to like it. Foxes are only used to being killed." (E.R.D.)

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AVERY BRUNDAGE

continued from page 22

this year there'll be one German team, representing all of Germany." He sat back proudly. "That's what the Olympic movement accomplished. It's more than the U.N. has been able to do.

"Cause trouble?" he muttered, remembering the accusation. "Nonsense. Over 80 countries have national Olympic committees. You only hear about the big countries. But the small countries are just as important a part of the Olympic movement as the big ones. That's one of the reasons we're so against this point scoring in the Olympic Games. How could a small country ever win the Olympics if the point score meant anything? But its individuals can win. When Barthel of Luxembourg won the Olympic 1,500-meter in 1952, why as far as Luxembourg was concerned, Luxembourg won the Olympics?"

He recalled something.

"Here. Here's an example of the influence of sport and amateurism and the Olympic movement. You know how American crowds will always applaud a good play, whether it's by their own team or not. Well, you should see the crowds in South America at some of those soccer games. It's unbelievable. They have magnificent modern stadiums, marvels of engineering. But the playing field is separated from the spectators by a moat! And barbed wire! Why? The spectators riot.

They don't want the best team to win. They want their own team to win. It's worth a referee's life if the home team loses. Literally.

"Now, that's contrary to the amateur idea. But many of those countries are 50 years behind us in sport. Fifty years ago American crowds were more that way than the way they are today. But they changed. They learned. Sport does, over a period of time, educate, or you might say, develop a feeling of fair play and sportsmanship among the spectators."

Suddenly he put his hands down flat on his desk.

"It's getting late," he said. "Let's go downstairs and have dinner."

He rose, came around the desk and led the way out of his office. At the door to the outer office he stopped and looked back, frowning, at the Oriental statuary. He turned again.

"Did you have an Egyptian bronze out here?" he asked his secretary, Miss Frances Blakely. "The bird, Horus. What did you do with it?"

Miss Blakely, a long-time employee of Brundage's, patiently pointed out to him where the bird, Horus, was.

"Oh," said Brundage, satisfied. Then, abruptly: "Will you join us for dinner?"

Miss Blakely hesitated.

"It's late," she said slowly, in her rather vague, pleasant way. "I have a little work I should finish before I go home. Perhaps I shouldn't."

"Oh, come and eat," Brundage said.

He turned abruptly and moved toward the door of the office. Miss Blakely shrugged her shoulders and smiled resignedly.

"All right," she said.

Brundage was first through the office door and first going down the hall, picking up ground as he went. He is a tall, thick-bodied man of 63 and he walks very rapidly, his head held erect, his broad shoulders squared, his body rolling slightly like a sailor's as he races along in a slightly pigeon-toed old-walker's gait. He was 10 feet ahead at the first turn of the corridor and twice that by the time he reached the elevators. He punched the "down" button hard and turned back to the center of the hall to wait.

"He always walks very fast," Miss Blakely said. "I can never keep up with him."

EXCURSION:

At the elevator Brundage renewed his argument.

"The 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles," he said. "There was another example of the influence of sport."

He waved an arm.

"The Japanese were very unpopular in southern California. I don't know why; maybe they worked too hard. At any rate there was a bad situation and very bad feeling towards the Japanese. In the 10,000-meter run a Japanese runner was dead last, a lap behind on the field. The race was over and he still had a lap to go. Well, he didn't quit. He held on, he ran the last lap and he finished. What did the crowd do? The crowd stood and applauded him, all the way, that last time around."

The elevator doors opened. Brundage stood alertly to one side and waved Miss Blakely in.

"Now," he went on, "that's a very interesting thing. Here was a crowd that was predominantly from southern California, where they did not like Japanese. Yet they applauded a Japanese athlete."

He spread his hands.

"What can't sport teach? What can't it achieve?"

The elevator doors opened on the lobby. Before he stepped out Brundage half turned.

"You can't say this," he stated, "because people wouldn't understand what you mean. But amateurism is a sort of religion."

Then he was off again in his driving sprint, across the lobby and into the restaurant, his shoulders squared, his chin out, looking, as always, like a man carrying a banner.

END



Garrett Rice

"Fore, yourself!"

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

FAR WEST

Mt. Baldy, Calif. First real snow of the season brought Los Angeles enthusiasts out to try icy slopes with thin corn cover. Beginners' Gulch was best with intermediate wait on chair lift there last weekend. A few Cohen bindings appeared among skiers. LS 0, US 12 to 24, TD 24, TW 1, CD 496, CW 2,496.

Big Bear Lake, Calif. All runs at Snow Summit and Lynn areas open after heavy snowfall parked into excellent base last week. Roads open, no chains needed. LS 8 to 14, US 30, TD 5 to 36, TW 2, CW 1,760.

Squaw Valley, Calif. First skiing of the season here last weekend. All trails and slopes have generous powder cover. LS 60, US 96 to 120, TD 30, TW 0, CD 290, CW 1,900.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. Powder snow skiing was at year's peak last weekend. Gardner Smith of Reno was Class A winner in Wenger race. Contact had over 120 entries. LS 156, US 240, TD 45 to 9, CD 400, CW 2,400.

Edwards, Calif. Skiing excellent. Double chair and rope tow in operation. LS 76, US 130, TD 40, TW 4, CD 260, CW 4,600.

Reno, Nev. First weekend of excellent skiing at area found 700 skiers in the municipal junior ski school. LS 90 to 120, US 120 to 160, TD 20, TW 0, CD 100, CW 1,560.

Mt. Baker, Wash. Testing was at its best last weekend, with avalanche danger light. Advanced skiers found best skiing on Panorama Ridge, intermediates used Austin Bowl. Chute trail reopened. LS 204, TD 36, TW 1, CW 2,950.

Sierra Park, Wash. All trails excellent. New 1,500-foot intermediate chair scheduled to operate Feb. 12. Stevens Standard Giant Slalom scheduled for this weekend. LS 147, TD 4, TW 4, CW 4,500.

Snoqualmie Pass, Wash. Skiing excellent. Beaver Lake closed with mechanical difficulties last weekend. Star is most popular activity heading among skiers here. LS 147, TD 5, TW 4, CD 580, CW 9,000.

Mt. Hood, Oreg. First blizzard of season brought excellent snow last weekend. Chains required on all approach roads. At Timberline LS 172, US 181, TD 4, TW 28, CD 300, CW 1,500. At Govt. Camp LS 86, US 72, TD 8, TW 34, CD 295, CW 3,360.

Sierra Mt., N.C. Frequent snowfalls during week brought best skiing of season. Wednesday night race clinics being held under lights for

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; US—depth of snow on upper slopes; TD—total snowfall during the week; TW—total snowfall during the weekend; CD—crowd during the week; CW—crowd during the weekend; CL—closed lifts, trails or slopes

juniors. LS 50 to 75, US 80 to 100, TD 7, TW 2, CD 350, CW 2,590.

WEST

Aspen, Colo. Daily snowfalls have kept area in excellent condition. Gentlemen's Ridge and Seibert trail have deepest powder. Head skis lead all rental skis in popularity in area. LS 20 to 24, US 65 to 70, TD 36, TW 16, CD 308, CW 410.

Arapahoe Basin, Colo. Fall opened after Forest Rangers and ski patrol reduced avalanche hazard with explosives. LS 65 to 72, US 72 to 80, TD 24, CD 175, CW 750.

Sun Valley, Idaho. Excellent skiing all trails and slopes. Area hooked solid for month, some reservations available in Ketchum. Long bathhouse poles being used by racers and weekend skiers alike. Fast skiers like Roundup ski with Nelson Madden edge. On Baldy US 89, Roundabout 75, On Dollar Mt. US 46, valley floor 57.

Alta, Utah. Storms closed runs three days but left area with fine powder skiing. All slopes open. With lifts runs packed down. LS 128, US 125, TD 46, TW 0, CD 400, CW 1,500.

Brighton, Utah. Area had fine powder and very fast skiing for season's biggest crowd last weekend. LS 125, US 145, TD 24, TW 4, CD 3,900, CW 6,000.

Bozart, Alberta. Skiing still good in spite of scant new snow. All slopes packed and in use. Fast week's weather has averaged near zero. LS 40, US 45, CD 400, CW 1,500.

Sanita Fe, N.Y. Mass. Intermediate snowfalls built area with excellent skiing. Maximum wait at chair lift was seven minutes last weekend. LS 24, US 24 to 36, TD 8, TW 12, CD 400, CW 1,500.

Snow King, Wyo. Skiing good with new snow covering hard-packed base. Rope tow and chair operating daily. Chains needed on access roads. LS 36 to 33, US 44 to 50, TD 18, CD 100, CW 200.

Big Mt., Wyo. Deep snow skiers sought out Harbison Highway and Tom Mast Trail last weekend. Touring parties searching summit of mountain found powder knee deep. LS 35 to 40, US 42 to 45, TD 11, TW 2, CD 190, CW 600.

WEST

Bayre, Mt., Mich. Vacationing students crowded slopes last weekend. Many coats were moun. Dogster elastic pants. Biggy white or-

lon pants an innovation seen occasionally here. LS 1 to 12, US 11 to 14, TW 3, CD 240, CW 720.

Cabotville, Mich. Barn last weekend turned over to cruiser, but left good skiing. LS 15, US 9, TD 5, CD 700, CW 3,000.

Mt. Talamark, Wisc. Skiing excellent. LS 8, US 20, CD 1,500, CW 1,500.

Tarry Peak, S.D. Steady snow has made for good skiing here. LS 15 to 18, US 23, TD 10, CD 200, CW 500.

EAST

Lee Summit, Kans. Area reopened after two weeks as a powder snowfall put all trails in good condition. All lifts operating. LS 10, US 12, CD 200, CW 600.

Jasper, Kans. Skiing good over weekend, with powder over heavy granular base. LS 16, US 30, TD 5, CD 940, CW 1,560.

Sugarloaf, Wisc. All trails open, skiing good. LS 4 to 10, US 12 to 18, TW 4, CD 30, CW 1,500.

Staten, Vt. Snow early last week put most trails back into operation, but heavy use by between-come skiers had its effects on them. New Dave and National had some bad sections, some good ones. On Mansfield, Tyrol and Trail Road best. On Spruce, skiing was good on T-bar slope. LS 18, US 24, TD 8, TW 0, CD 2,500, CW 3,800. CL—Merrill, S-35.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Storm earlier in week speeded upper trails. Lower trails good with some ice last weekend. LS 12, US 25, TD 14, CD 200, CW 1,200.

Pico Peak, Vt. All trails and slopes open for biggest crowd of year. LS 12, US 24, TD 4, TW 0, CD 300, CW 4,000.

Mt. Snow, Vt. Upper and lower trails open, with best skiing at higher level last weekend. LS 2 to 10, US 10 to 24, TD 5, TW 1, CW 1,500.

Big Green, Vt. Area opened for the first time in two weeks last weekend. LS 1 to 6, US 1 to 6, TD 2, TW 1, CW 1,100.

Cannon Mt., N.H. All-time attendance record broken last weekend. All lifts operated. USEASA Class B giant slalom won by Heather Nesbitt. Leonard Ayers of Mt. Mansfield S.C. Marker Simplex and Ski-Free most popular activity here. On area slope LS 1 to 26, US 30, TD 4, TW 0, CD 2,360, CW 5,460.

Alta, N.Y. Good skiing all last week with new snow every day. LS 4, US 6 to 17, TD 3, TW 0, CD 890, CW 1,500.

Snow Adirondack, N.Y. Skiing good. Rente Cox of Port Legend and Bill Orsini of St. Lawrence V. were combined state championships. Gov. Averne H. Harrington presented trophies. LS 6, US 26, TD 3, CD 650, CW 2,700.

Wolfcamp, N.Y. Winslow trail excellent, rest of area good last weekend. Some ice. LS 3 to 14, US 10 to 14, TD 11, TW 1, CD 750, CW 3,500.

West Virginia. At Cabot Mt., record crowd attended weekend Davis winter carnival. LS 6, US 24, CD 50, CW 2,500. At West Knobs, LS 14, US 14, CD 200.

Indians Gap, Tenn. Portable two served skiers here last weekend. LS 0 to 8, US 12, TD 11, CD 40, CW 120.

HANDLING ICE AND HARD SNOW IS ONE OF SKIING'S HARDER TASKS. STOWE'S SEPP RUSCHP GIVES A FEW POINTERS TO MAKE IT EASIER

SKI TIP

by SEPP RUSCHP

President, Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc.

The first requirement for skiing on ice and hard-frozen snow is to have two pairs of good, sharp edges under you. The doudering around that many skiers experience in icy conditions can often be traced to edges which have not been filed recently.

The second requisite that your boot heel be tied firmly to the ski. A boot twisted out of line with the ski results in loss of control, and control is most important on ice. Make sure your cable is tight and that the rear cable guides are set back to the beginning of the boot heel.

If you come to a long stretch of glare ice,

my advice is not to ski it unless you can see snow beyond. In that case, let yourself slide over the stretch without fighting the ice in order to maintain your regular stance. Then you will be ready to make your control turns when you hit snow. Keep your arms as fairly flat as you approach the snow or the slowdown will throw you.

When the ice is in smaller patches, the more advanced skier can take the terrain in a more stylish manner by skiing at a fairly good rate and by staying close to the fall line. Style is less affected by ice patches when the skier takes them quickly.



SEPP RUSCHP

For conditions described as "frozen granular," when the snow approaches iron hardness, you can ski in fair comfort by emphasizing your normal style. You have to make sure that you are skiing far enough forward or your ski will leave you behind. Your weight must be almost completely on your downhill ski in a traverse, and on the outside ski in a turn. In a schuss, separate the ski several inches and bring the knees together slightly to make the ski run on the inside edges for more control. Don't use this technique unless you need it, since it is not a normal stance.



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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

50—season opened (or open); **5C**—season closed (or close); **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or roily; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—fishing; **WTS**—water temperature; **5P**—**FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT: NEVADA: Walker Lake is still winter trout capital as water is clearing after floods in Walker River. Bud Hartnett took 15-pound 2-year-old cutthroat on walking stream just near top of Pelican Point. Weather is warmer and with many fish in 6- to 8-pound class reported. **OVG.**

NEW YORK: Veterans Beaverkill anglers are alerted at plans of Agriculture Department's Pest Control Division to spray native watershed forest with DDT for gypsy moth control. Fishermen fear most insect life in Catskill Mountain streams will be killed off, resulting in dearth of trout food for several years. Insect-control experts admit spray will kill large numbers of aquatic insects but say these will re-establish themselves within one or two seasons; meanwhile, representatives of sportsmen's groups plan to meet with USDA people Feb. 8 at Jeffersonville, N.Y., to learn more.

MONTANA: Yellowstone River spring runs whitefish have been dying in large numbers since November, and investigating biologists believe trouble is malnutrition, probably due to a shortage of insect life in the river. They believe insects were killed by some chemical used to spray areas for spruce bud worms. Very few dead trout have been found and specimens taken from river seem to be in good condition. If insects re-establish themselves at a reasonable time, thinning out of whitefish population may be beneficial to trout fishing. Local sportsmen and trout operators are keeping fingers crossed until next season reveals extent of damage.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: At recent meeting of the 960-member Atlantic Salmon Association in Montreal, Association President Vernon Johnson of Montreal outlined four immediate steps needed to preserve and restore Atlantic salmon in Canadian streams and protect the valuable sport fishery: research project that would lead abandonment of the arbitrary uniform opening dates of June 5 on salmon waters and the substitution of variable opening dates based on local river conditions; abolition of the (July 15) opening date in Newfoundland and a closer alignment with starting date of the (May 4) Atlantic salmon province; reform of the present stony warden system; study of the pollution problem and establishment of pollution abatement measures. Johnson told 75 members attending the meeting that the association would submit these recommendations to the Federal Minister of Fisheries and the joint committee of the federal and provincial governments. In addition the association will sponsor additional recommendations presented by Malouin, Nfld., president of the 360-member Maritimes Salmon Association. The Maritime group urged: an end to damming of rivers by industry without adequate fishways and more careful control of land forestry management practices; a proclamation of salmon as a protected game fish; control of margins and other predators, as now being practiced cooperatively on some rivers; withdrawal of certain stretches of rivers, particularly in upper reaches, to protect early-run fish; placing of rivers under protection of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police instead of continuing present "grossly inadequate system"; banning of all fishing gear other than that normally used for surface fly-fishing; requirement of license for all salmon angling; and that, because of the scope of salmon fishery law put sharply into the tourist trade, quoted New Brunswick government estimates that red-sucker salmon are worth \$7 a pound to marketize, compared with \$1.50 and so forth, whereas commercially caught salmon are marketed at less than 50¢ a pound. Although there are many theories to account for the decline of salmon populations in recent years, and no general agreement on any one, all those present at meetings agreed that if recom-

mendations are accepted by the government marked improvement would result.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Sacramento still filthy, but FFGA near Rio Vista, Deler Island, using bullheads and sandbars. Frank's Trout in San Joaquin and Hog and Sycamore sloughs **FF**. Napa River slow but should improve. Anglers success percentage high as unfavorable water conditions have weeded off all but seasoned fishermen. Top bass last week was 28-pounder, with many in 10- to 20-pound brackets reported.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Tom Davis of Charleston set season record for Cooper River with 41-pounder that tried to eat his white muskell after week. Other fishermen had good sport with trellied, jointed "pikes," and **OG** for Cooper River and upper basin of Santee-Cooper despite cold and wind.

STEELHEAD: WASHINGTON: Heavy take of Indian fishermen in all that keeps Nookmak from top status as steelhead river. Hot spots are main channel near Mt. Baker and school and Rittier Bar, Ross Bar and Frog Pond and Lynden area. Drifters seeing between Nugget's Ridge and Everett with large-winged schist and loach eggs tied in chumfish sacks. Skagit River **L**, **C**, too cold for top fishing but several steelhead over 15 pounds reported. Middle river slow but upper and lower areas still with steel. Hot spots at Maple Flat and Skagit. English, down river to Story's Bar below Mt. Vernon. Skagit River says hottest spot is Tower Hole. Entire length of Green River **FG** with Hog Ranch Hole producing good early-morning catches but few over 5 pounds. Skayklim **F**, **OG**. Selkirk has new run with many fish in 10- to 14-pound class. Puyallup River banks hard with fishermen overcast despite snow and cold. Tumble River **FF**, **OG**.

OKLAHOMA: FVP on all coast streams unless cold weather has stopped snow melting on coast ranges.

CALIFORNIA: Dickard anglers getting fair bait fishing at Sacramento tributaries such as Mill, Deer and Battle creeks, and clearing weather makes **OG**. Trinity, Eel, Gualuma, Navarro, Ten Mile, Big and Russian rely or rely, with a few fish taken on bait and wobblers. Outlook improving, but only fair for next two weeks if no more rain.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: On Vancouver Island, Cowichan, Campbell and Quilness rivers **FG**. Fraser River and Vedder Canal producing well on eggs, Silver, Stages, Coughlin and Alouette good and improving.

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: Lake Tarpon, last year's top producer, 20 miles southwest of Tampa, is in the news again as W. A. Witt, Tampa contractor, took 15-pounder on spinning tackle and live red bait last Friday. Pat Mahan of Clearwater also ran with 15-pounder on live shiner. **FG** and **OG** for Withlacoochee River 75 miles north of Tampa. In Tallahassee 4 inches of rain last week killed fish and spoils of fishermen. In central Florida, Lake Harris at Hwey is producing fair catches and area outlook is for steady improvement from now until June peak.

LOUISIANA: Duck ponds in the southwest are Louisiana, made famous by Lake Charles, yielding largemouths to 5½ pounds on small- and medium-sized plugs lured fairly deep.

MASSACHUSETTS: Clear water and mild weather brought a turnout of fishermen who found bass active in Rodney Lake, Cheshire County. Noon Lake in the north fields and Lake Fergusen in western Cheshire north with water are Chetard Lake near Vinalburg, and the Grinnell and Knid reservoirs.

LADY OF THE PEAKS



POSED PHOTO SHOWS ANNIE IN STRANGE COSTUME OF THE DAY

Annie Smith Peck, a teacher who believed she could do almost anything, scaled the Matterhorn and became the most famous woman climber of her day

ANNIE SMITH PECK, a scholar and teacher of classic languages who had done some minor mountain climbing in her 30s, decided in 1895, at the age of 45, to try something really big. A determined woman with an adventurous spirit, she tackled Switzerland's Matterhorn (14,780 feet high), a feat no other lady had accomplished in that day. "Nothing to mountaineering," Annie said matter-of-factly when she came down from the summit. "Just a little physical endurance, a good deal of brains, lots of practice and plenty of warm clothing." With this formula firmly in mind, she was to go on climbing for nearly 40 years and become the most famous woman mountaineer of her day.

Her next goal was Popocatepetl in Mexico. Since this smoldering mountain was a continually erupting volcano, there was added spice to the climb. The *Sunday World*, having financed her trip in return for an exclusive account of her perilous ascent, was more than a little upset when she reported: "As it turned out, it wasn't a difficult climb at all, and a nice little boy reached the summit before I did." With liberal use of poetic license, the *Sunday World* rewrote her story and emblazoned it with the headline: MISS PECK ON POPO'S SUMMIT—THRILLING DETAILS OF THE *Sunday World's* WOMAN MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S ASCENT. Said Annie, shocked at this freedom of the press, "I thought you would just want all the facts."

But all the mountains weren't that easy, even for indomitable Annie. In 1908, at the age of 58, she made five assaults on 22,205-foot Mt. Huascarán in Peru, finally conquering the summit on the sixth. On the way down, one of her guides slipped and almost dragged them both to destruction. She also lost a glove and suffered a frostbitten hand. "I was scared for the first time in my life," Annie confessed, "but I said to myself, 'Accidents don't happen in my family,' and I went on down through the night." Her climb at that time was the highest ever made in this hemisphere by an American, and in honor of the occasion, the Peruvian government named the mountain's northern peak *Cumbre Ana Peck*.

She was 61 when she climbed Mt. Coropuna in Peru and triumphantly planted a flag on the summit, reading "Votes for Women." At 82, she climbed her last peak, New Hampshire's Mt. Madison, a mere 5,363 feet high. She regretfully gave up after this because she didn't want to worry her doctors. Three years later, in 1935, her strange and wonderful life came to an end.

KMB



THE FIGHT FANS POP OFF

This week *Poor Pat* upon Fight Fans, with no officers, house organ, dues, press agent or headquarters provided by their articles of incorporation (which were never written) chose SI's 19TH HOLE as their meeting place. Herewith excerpts from some of their letters.

Sirs:

I just sat fuming through the Saddler-Elorde championship bout (SI, Jan. 30). I think the stench of boxing's dirty business slowly being aired out in the East is settling out here with a vengeance. Even yours and others' reports had not prepared me for the fitness of Saddler's whole approach to winning another fight. With him it is obviously so ingrained as to no longer seem conscious. He butts continuously on the inside, holds and hits, locarms to the neck, lunges and hits on the break, draws the head down with the left and follows with a right uppercut, all so simultaneously or consecutively that it leaves you occasionally with the thought that you are being demonstrated a manual of these offenses. The galling part was the complete unconcern with which Referee Ray Flores viewed this sorry proceeding. For nine rounds his main concern seemed to be to avoid hindering Saddler's "style" in any way. The tender solicitude he displayed for Elorde after his eye was finally mauled was truly touching, a picture dimmed somewhat by his subsequent blindness as Saddler held Elorde's head and finished the job.

I never saw or heard of Elorde before. His fight plan seemed good and showed signs of being adequate had he received the kind of protection he had every right to expect.

With this and the rotten Pep-Cadill decision out here recently, I sure feel that California need take a back seat to no one in the matter of boxing's racket symptoms. Doubtless my neck's worth of protest pains Flores and all his great and good friends no further than to cause a chuckle on the way to the bank, but I hope you will stay right on the firing line with

potshots at every exposed part of the vulnerable under(world) side of boxing.

Either that or let Elorde use a bolo knife. Yours in peppy mood of a sweat,
HARRY W. CROSBY
Del Mar, Calif.

Sirs:

To anyone who had doubted that the situation in boxing was rotten, I commend the performance of "Champion" Saddler in his fight against Elorde. I will not argue that championship athletes per se are, or have to be, lily white in their professional ethics and scruples. But I submit as prima facie evidence of professional malfeasance the tumorous behavior of both the referee and television announcer of this fight. If there is to be order and decency in athletics the men who officiate and the journalists who cover must be of courage and strength. Such was not in evidence.

Every bet as disheartening is the apparent lack of concern by the sponsors of such shows for the administration of the vehicle they have chosen to represent their product. I can only assume complete indifference on the part of the sponsor. They are wanting a power greater than Commissioner Helfand can bring to bear and so are being remiss in fulfilling their social responsibilities.

J. W. CORRETT

Schenectady

Sirs:

... Saddler hit, shoved, dragged and wrestled on every break, ripped open Elorde's eye with his hatchet-like head, gouged the cut with his laces, massaged his

opponent round after round with a constant stream of elbows, shoves and fouls of every description until the match was stopped with Saddler the winner.

Why is a foul fighter like Saddler allowed to fight in this manner fight after fight ... ?
C. W. JACKSON

Nashville

Sirs:

... Love is indeed a many-splendored thing and nothing can hope to match the loving care Mr. Flores lavished on his protégé Sandy Saddler. So Elorde got murdered. So who's Elorde ... ?
B. GEORGE WEENBERG

The Bronx, New York

Sirs:

... I think I just heard the Marquess of Queensberry turn in his grave ... This was the dirtiest fight of them all ...
ERIC S. HAINSTRON

St. Paul

Sirs:

... All I hope is that Elorde gets another crack at Saddler with a scared referee officiating this time ...

R. Y. JAMIESON

Denver

Sirs:

... Next time you drop in on the IBC (Norris, president), tell Sunny Jim he's lost this boy for good. What a stinker this one was ... !

LEE (TEX) ABERNATHY

Houston

Sirs:

... It is a shame when a boxer, trying to fight a decent fight and doing a good job of it, has to lose it because of a worthless referee ...

VERDIN S. CANTRELL D.S.C.

Salisbury, Md.

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



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Sirs:

... No wonder boxing is in the kind of trouble it is today. I suggest we start cleaning it up with Saddler and Flores. ...
J. S. SAMMARCO

Oxford, Ohio

Sirs:

... Some of my friends have up till now taken a relaxed view of what SI over the last year and a half has called boxing's dirty business. I rather think that the IBC (James D. Norris, president) as co-sponsor of the West Coast brawl which sickened every decent viewer now has convinced a lot of those who cared little about what it stood for.

Some years ago a political party on the out here in Massachusetts courted voters with posters saying very simply: "Had enough?" They won. This last fight served as such a poster.

TOM MEANY

Boston

Sirs:

... Please tell me what relation Referee Ray Flores is to Sandy Saddler. Saddler's own mother could not have been more biased on his behalf ... Elorde never had a chance.

ROBERT E. FORO

Atlanta

Sirs:

... This is the time to kick out Jim Norris and his IBC. Most of the fights he has arranged have been mismatched. A

smarter man is needed. Something has to be done about it.

JOHN E. WISE JR.

Onancock, Va.

Sirs:

... I have watched fights over TV for several years and have boxed myself. Never have I seen such a dirty fight, never. ...
TROY B. COLLIER

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

... You have done a wonderful job in starting the ball rolling to clean up boxing. Keep at it, much remains to be done. ...
JOHN HENNER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

... I read a description in the newspapers and if it was anything like I read I am glad I went to the movies that night. ...
B. A. BURNS

Huntington, Va.

Sirs:

... It stank to high heaven. It overshadowed even the recent Willie Pep to-do. If the Philippines now join the satellites, we know at least what caused it. ...
JACK MURPHY

Newark

Sirs:

... The Saddler-Elorde fight was the foulest thing ever to be aired on TV. ...
BUD (LONG) GRAINGER

Baltimore



Sirs:

... Agreed, TV is not a medium exclusively the property of children. And also agreed, professional athletes do not have the same code of conduct as Mr. Brundage's little wards. They've been known to sneak a drag on a cigaret between engagements and to take advantage of what the referee isn't there to see is part of the mores. But never, no never, have I seen anything like what happened out on the Coast when Saddler apparently got a license to act as chief butcher in the local fight abattoir. Where did they find this poor guy Elorde, anyhow? I haven't seen such a thoroughly bewildered expression on a man's face since that Cecil B. DeMille opus showed all those Christians in the arena. Even then nary a one of the lions butted, gouged and fouled his victim the way Saddler did him. ...

GREERLY P. REARDON

Richmond

Sirs:

... Flash Elorde got the gravest injustice in the history of boxing in the United States. ...

EDWARD GRABOR

Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

... If America has not the guts to stand up to rats like Frankie Carbo and, of course, our playboy James D. Norris (president), then I guess money rules all. ... !
FRED E. LANGLEY

Waltham, Mass.

Sirs:

... Ray Flores did the most rotten job of refereeing. To me it was obvious that he had every intention of giving the fight to Saddler from the very beginning. If this is libelous, print it anyhow. He can see my lawyer. ...

F. X. HELD

Fort Smith, Ark.

Sirs:

... What I want to know is this: Who was responsible for this fracas? Everyone I know is outraged, but what can we do about it? It is high time that someone bit back at those responsible. ...

I would like to know who allows things like this to happen without anyone being accountable or responsible.

ETHEL PAMNOWNKY

Wilkesburg, Pa.

Sirs:

... Suggest you list Flores' name against future bouts listed in COMING EVENTS so that we can ignore them. ...

ED EWING

Sacramento

Sirs:

... In the last year my husband made a fight fan out of me. Your article on how to score (SI, Dec. 5) was therefore a tremendous help to me. Unfortunately, I took the rules as being gospel. My first reaction to the Saddler fight was that my schooling was incomplete, but subsequent reaction in

PAT ON THE BACK

BARBARA JACOBS

Last winter, while on vacation in Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jacobs of Indianapolis took up Aqua-lung diving. Last month Barbara Jacobs, a 33-year-old brunette, showed her husband and two children how proficient she had become by descending 270 feet into the Atlantic off Hollywood Beach, Fla. to set the unofficial women's world record. The previous unofficial mark was 209 feet. Assisting Mrs. Jacobs were her husband and Ed Townsend, sectional director of the AAU. Asked what she had noticed on the way down, Mrs. Jacobs reported her red nail polish seemed to turn blue.



BETTY SKELTON

Speed and Betty Skelton travel together. Last month the 29-year-old test driver climbed behind the wheel of a 1956 stock model of the Chevrolet Corvette and ripped off a flying mile at 130.83 mph and, starting at a standstill, averaged 85.59 mph in an acceleration run. Both speeds set world records for women drivers in a U.S. production sports car. A top aviatrix, Betty was women's champion of the International Aerobatic Association in 1948, 1949 and 1950. For relaxation, Betty water-skis and drives speedboats over water jumps at her family home in Water Haven, Fla.



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